


# WASHINGTON COLLEGE REVIEW



*A Liberal Arts Journal*





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A LIBERAL ARTS JOURNAL

Volume VIII 2000



Chestertown, Maryland

Cover illustration: *Junction* by Anne Chan '00  
Pastel on paper, 18" x 24"



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## Preface



ONCE AGAIN WE INTRODUCE a volume of the *Washington College Review* with inspiring words from a Fall Convocation speaker. This time he is James H. Billington, Librarian of Congress, who spoke to us of the importance of books and paper-based records in maintaining the memory and the dreams on which culture depends. He urged us not to abandon reading books and telling stories in favor of computerized communication.

The students and faculty of Washington College have a special dedication to books and stories, as well as to computers: our student editor and production assistant, Sarah Blackman, receives a unique opportunity to learn more about the world of book publishing. Contributors tell their stories in fiction and poetry as well as convey their messages through well-wrought essays. Our lead article, by Chris Klimas, crosses the boundaries by telling us how to think like a computer. Our writers, and even one of our graphic artists (Jennifer Lubkin), utilize computers to prepare their work. And the production assistant ultimately uses computer programs to design the layout of this edition. The result is

an example of the academic year 1999–2000 that we are proud of, full of the best contributions that our students made in all areas of the liberal arts, from mathematics to poetry, from biology to art, and from Maryland history to gender studies.

The production of this volume would not have been possible without the work of many different individuals. I especially want to welcome our new faculty editor for Mathematics and the Natural Sciences, Austin Lobo, who is also heading up one of our newest majors, Computer Science.

Speaking for the editorial board, I hope that this volume will preserve the excellent memory of this extraordinary academic year as well as provide an inspiration for our future writers!

Jeanette E. Sherbondy  
Editor

## *Culture, Computers, and Content*



*Fall Convocation Address, Washington College, September 9, 1999*

I am grateful for this honor from a college that has such an exceptional setting, history, faculty, and leader, and I welcome the chance to speak with you, the students—new minds for the new millennium—about culture and its dependence on memory. It is a paradox that innovation itself in culture almost invariably seems to begin with the recovery of memory. The Renaissance at the dawn of the modern era was, literally, a rebirth or recovery of classical antiquity; nineteenth-century Romanticism went back to the Middle Ages; and twentieth-century artistic modernism began when Stravinsky took music and dance back to the pre-Christian, pagan rites of spring and of marriage, and when Kandinsky and Malevich took paintings back to the lines and color of early Eastern Christian iconography. The great, late Canadian critic Northrup Frye said that our only real crystal ball is a rear view mirror, and in our global era, that mirror needs to be as wide-angled as humanly possible. Culture is the DNA that shapes development, and human language is the basic vehicle through which memory is communicated and people are bonded together with a sense of identity. The founder of Hasidic Judaism

said that “exile is caused by forgetfulness, and the beginning of redemption is memory.” Yet memory and its vehicle of language are both fading even as the hubris of human intellect probes ever more deeply into both cosmic and microcosmic space. There were about six thousand languages seriously spoken on this planet at the beginning of this century; there will probably be only six hundred still widely spoken at the end. Along with biodiversity, cultural and linguistic diversity is fading fast. The records are being wiped out—not only oral records but also written traditions that remain neglected, unread and, in many cases, physically disintegrating. Almost all of the manuscript materials of two of the countries with the largest supply of two-dimensional written records in the world, India and Russia, are deeply endangered species with no serious programs or prospects for preservation. The multiple languages, scripts, and ways of recording written words across the Indonesian archipelago are being obliterated. Virtually all books and paper-based records in the world that have been produced since the introduction of high-acid paper 150 years ago are disintegrating at an accelerating rate and will not last another century—as are picture films, photographs, television tapes, and recorded sound.

The greatest patron of libraries in the modern world has been the Congress of the United States. Ever since purchasing Thomas Jefferson’s extraordinary private library in 1815, Congress has consistently supported what has become not merely the largest and most linguistically inclusive collection of human knowledge and creativity ever assembled in one place, but also the site of perhaps



the most diverse set of preservation initiatives ever attempted under one institutional roof. Each year the Library of Congress gives preservation treatment to 300,000 items, but this is only a drop in the bucket for a collection that includes more than 115 million items. And the amount of material being published in perishable hard copy continues to proliferate—arithmetically (by 7 percent last year), alongside the geometric increase in digital material. Yet most published material is doomed to disintegrate before it is read or even catalogued, and all the languages of historical culture seem to be in full retreat before the forward march of the universal pidgin English used by airline traffic controllers and computer programmers and the global electronic culture of television and the Internet. Pictures, sounds, and words are all being reduced, literally, to zeroes and ones in the digitized universe which may be headed for a nervous breakdown in the year 2000.

The first wave of the new audio-visual culture was, of course, television, which has preserved the simulacra of all other cultural forms but has dehumanized them by encouraging passive spectatorism, shortened attention spans, the drift into sex and violence, and, above all, through its inherently antisocial nature. A museum, a theater, a library are all places where people meet and, in some sense, relate to other people. Television and its even more isolating off-spring, the computer, are subtle promoters of loneliness. They discourage communication between people even as they foster the illusion that everything an individual needs is easily at hand through the flick of a zapper or a mouse.

And now, we are faced with the mangled merger of information and entertainment into infotainment and the consolidation of two of our most socially irresponsible regions, Silicon Valley and Hollywood, into Siliwood. Data, information, and even knowledge are constantly being brought up to date in a world where earlier drafts are erased and there is no past. Undisciplined chatter, like untreated sewage, flows through a system where there is no filter—often not even any basic sentence structure. Advertising spots, political sound bites, MTV, and rap lyrics are producing a style of communication that is increasingly incantational, designed for Pavlovian responses rather than rational discourse.

It is good for the cause of freedom that effective censorship would be very difficult in a system structured from the beginning to treat interference as damage and to circuit around it. But our society needs to preserve memory, set standards of quality, and contest the depletion of language. That is why we at the Library of Congress have launched a major effort to bring our cultural heritage directly into the Internet through a program we have called American Memory.

We are creating and distributing free on the World Wide Web electronic versions of the most important and interesting primary documents of American history and culture. We call it the National Digital Library: a major educational undertaking designed primarily for use in our secondary and even primary schools.

We are bringing old documents and materials into a new and essentially memory-less medium. One can now get, with a computer and a modem and an Internet connection, free access anywhere in the world to many of the Library of Congress's greatest one-of-a-kind treasures, hitherto available only to specialists: the variant drafts of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Jefferson's Declaration of Independence; Brady's Civil War photographs; Edison's earliest movies; and the papers, diaries, and sketches of George Washington, Walt Whitman, Susan B. Anthony, Frederick Douglass, Alexander Graham Bell, and many others. Because the technology is interactive, it requires you to use your mind, and because the material generally has visual appeal and human content, it often helps audiovisually-attuned people form questions for themselves that motivate them to get back into books in search of answers. It can be an electronic hook to pull underachieving young people back into reading and thinking—and thus onto the escalator that alone can lift them up to full participation in economic and civic life.

We are well on the way to producing online, by the bicentennial of the Library of Congress next year, five million more items of American history and culture, and we have raised funds to enable thirty-two other repositories to add their best materials to the National Digital Library.

By making special materials, hitherto available only to a few, freely accessible to all, we hope to encourage broader and fuller participation both in the citizenship and entrepreneurship which

free, dynamic, and self-governing societies require. As the *de facto* national library, we are extending the deep American principle of free public access to knowledge to the Internet so that it does not become a vehicle for increasing the gulf between information “haves” and “have-nots.”

Of course, this is an inherently international medium, and we believe it could become a major vehicle for better international understanding if the artifacts of memory from other cultures could also be digitized and shared. Last year the Congress of the United States added an appropriation to our budget for a project called “Meeting of the Frontiers” in which the Library of Congress is collaborating with the hard-pressed libraries of Russia to produce a combined Russian and American package of digitized materials tracing the parallel development of the Russian movement east and the American expansion west, beginning with Lewis and Clark. The two frontiers met just north of San Francisco, and any potential conflicts were peacefully resolved with Russia’s sale of Alaska to the United States. This bi-national story will be projected for free into the school and library systems of both countries, introducing a comparative dimension to history—and focusing attention on something more positive than the traditional history of wars and conflicts.

There are, of course, dark chapters in the colonizing of both countries, and those aspects will not be left out of the package. There is always the risk in the promotion of any national cultural heritage that it will rationalize the repression of minority cul-

tures and promote hostility toward rival nationalities. But patriotism that affirms one's own heritage is inherently very different from nationalism which defines itself negatively by the hatred of external enemies and the pursuit of internal scapegoats.

We will digitize many materials on America's interconnections with England flowing out of our major joint exhibit that will open this November at the British Library. We have begun tentative discussion with Spain, which retains so much of the documentation of early American history, more speculatively with China, which had many links with America in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. But beyond their links with the United States, these and other nations have their own rich national memories that can widen the horizons of all of us if made universally accessible on the World Wide Web.

One cannot build a bridge to another culture unless one has first sunk a caisson deeply and securely into one's own native soil. If others do the same, there can be solid pathways of understanding, and creativity will be stimulated in new and unexpected ways. New technology has combined with the sudden discovery of other cultures, in the past, to produce exciting innovations. The sudden advent of impressionism in Western art in the late nineteenth century would not have happened without, on the one hand, the new technology of photography making naturalistic painting seem redundant, and, on the other, the sudden discovery of Japanese pictorial art which suggested altogether new modes of perception.

Every people has a story to tell, and perhaps the stories of the great religions are the most enduring and fundamental. If we do not learn to listen to other people when they are whispering their prayers in their sanctuaries, we may have to meet them later when they are howling war cries on a battlefield.

My basic message today is never trust anyone with a computer who does not also read books and listen to stories. The United States is one of the youngest world civilizations—the only one whose entire national history has unfolded entirely in the age of print. However, this land, like all others, had an oral culture before the written culture arrived—much of it, fortunately, preserved in the ten thousand wax disks and three thousand long-playing records of Native American culture in the Library of Congress. Not long ago, when I spoke to librarians from our Great Plains about the role of the modern librarian as navigators and gatekeepers of knowledge in the Information Age, an old Indian chief came up to me afterwards and said that the same role was played long ago by a chosen member of the tribe, an elder who had the richest and fullest memory. “We did not call him a “gatekeeper,” the old chief explained, but “the dreamkeeper.”

Dreams are created out of memories. Shakespeare’s last play, *The Tempest*, was written just as the New World was being opened up. At the end of the play, the aged Prospero sees human history and pretense melting “into air, into thin air.”

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

And yet, somehow, all would not be lost because, to cite the famous line that follows: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

So I urge you, as you begin another school year in this historic place, to help keep alive our own essential American Dream that whatever the problems of today, a free people can still make tomorrow better than yesterday. One of the most imaginative of the many uses that teachers across the country have made of our online American Memory materials is to ask students to use them to reconstruct not just the *accomplishments* but the *dreams* of earlier Americans. We must preserve the dreams of all our yesterdays even as we seek to understand the dreams of others today.

Dreams are embedded in written and spoken language laid out in ordered sequences and still largely preserved in books. We are not, for the most part, digitizing books at the Library of Congress. Nor do we wish to lobotomize humanity by deaccessioning old books with no seeming interest on the present. Otherwise, we might not have kept, for instance, the only copy left in the world of an old book in a foreign language written by a man thought in his time to have been mad—but a



book which suddenly provided an important breakthrough in modern leukemia research.

Electronic technology must be integrated into the world of books—new technology linked with old memories and old values; and there must always be human intermediaries on the spot: teachers and librarians, local dreamkeepers who can direct users back to books as they seek answers to the questions raised by electronic materials.

Books are and will remain our principal guardians of memory, of the anguish and aspirations as well as the achievements of those who have gone before. Mute witnesses from the past are often better guides in life than talking heads in the present. In our dialogues with other living people, there are always games going on: politics, psychodrama, showmanship, who can talk the fastest. But, alone with a book, the only limit is one's own imagination which is not bounded by someone else's picture on a television screen, one's own thoughts that are not drowned out by a boom box.

Books convince; they do not coerce. Libraries are temples of pluralism. Books that disagree with each other sit peacefully together on the shelves just as quarreling opponents sit peacefully next to each other in reading rooms.

Books are islands of coherence which put things together. Every book is both the product of a fellow human being with whom one has something in common and the expression of some other unique person writing in a different time and place under



unrepeatable circumstances. Unlike the teacher who explains or the librarian who labels, a book itself give no final answers. It gives rise only to better questions. It beckons us to both mastery and mystery. It challenges the reader both to master enough of the subject to understand the created object, and at the same time, to sense something of the mystery of its creation—and ultimately of creation itself.

Whether or not libraries and librarians are able to help you understand other people, other parts of the world, other parts of the past, you will be ennobled by the effort.

When the Jesuit Order finally left China after the most deeply scholarly and most nearly successful effort in history to build a cultural bridge between that ancient Eastern culture and the resurgent West of the Renaissance, they left behind as their last legacy a haunting epitaph:

*Abi viator,  
congratulare mortuis,  
condole viues,  
ora pro omnibus  
mirare e tace.*

Go voyager,  
congratulate the dead,  
console the living,  
pray for everyone,  
wonder and be silent.

Libraries are places that take us out of our noisy, hurry-up, present-minded world into what Keats called “silence and slow time.” They keep alive the values of the book which favor active minds over spectator passivity, putting things together rather than just taking them apart, dreamkeepers over image-makers.

Whatever the confusion of our minds and the profusion of our information, things can still come together in a book—just as the left and right halves of the brain come together in one human mind, and the hemispheres—East and West, North and South—in a single, fragile planet.

James H. Billington  
Librarian of Congress

## AN EASY RIDDLE AND A HARD RIDDLE: WHAT IT MEANS TO THINK IN CODE



*Chris Klimas*

Close your eyes and think of a computer. (It's too bad this essay isn't about ice cream.) You might think of a box with a screen that has windows on it, beeps sometimes, and doesn't do what you want it to. But to really understand computers, beyond the fact that they come in a plastic box, and to understand why I write code for computers, beyond the fact that I tend to obsess on random things, you have to close your eyes and think of a really good riddle.

Here's mine: this is the easy riddle. You may have heard it before. Imagine that you stand on one bank of a river and you happen to have a wolf, a goat, and a head of cabbage with you. Perhaps they're your immediate family transformed by an evil sorcerer. Perhaps these are your only earthly possessions that you must sell to pay for medicine for your sick son. But you must cross this river with all three things.

To make things interesting, there is one restriction: you can only bring one thing with you in the boat at a time. You must make at least three trips—and there is a correspondence between the wolf, the goat, and the cabbage. The wolf, if you aren't there

to stop it, will eat the goat. The goat, if you aren't there to stop it, will eat the cabbage.

How do you get the wolf, the goat, and the cabbage across without losing anything?

If you bring the cabbage on your first trip, the wolf will eat the goat while you're on the river. It works the same way if you bring the wolf first. So really, the first move you have to make is to bring the goat across the river and come back. Here there seems to be an impasse. If you bring the wolf across next, while you're retrieving the cabbage, the wolf will eat the goat. If you bring the cabbage across next, the goat will eat it while you're coming back for the wolf.

Think about things for a little and try to solve this one yourself. The key to this riddle is that there is an assumption you probably don't know that you've made. Stop reading for a moment and puzzle it out. If you're so motivated, you could tear up pieces of paper and act it out on a desk.

In many ways writing code for computers is like solving this riddle: you have to lay your thoughts on a suitably large surface and pick at them—consider how you unconsciously solve everyday problems. You search through your bedroom for your lost keys, pick apart cracks and narrow spaces, check your pants pockets, and shine a flashlight under the bed, until you realize that you hadn't looked on the dining room table as thoroughly as you had thought. You realize that the solution is more elegant than your previous time mucking around in dark places. The solution

to this riddle, lying on the dining room table, rests in the fact that you can carry things across the river in both directions. After you carry the goat across, you come back and carry the cabbage across and then bring the goat back with you on your return trip, leaving the cabbage on the opposite shore. You bring the wolf onto the boat and leave it with the cabbage on the other side. Finally, you bring the goat across.

The real, hardcore way to attack this problem is to think in the abstract, in a fill-in-the-blanks kind of way. The boat that goes from the starting point to the destination can hold a certain number of things. The exact number doesn't matter. There is a list of items at the starting point; each may or may not have a desire to eat or, more abstractly, destroy another item. The cabbage, for example, doesn't eat anything, but the wolf wants to destroy the goat. You could write out a vague solution that would go something like this:

1. Decide if the situation on the shore you're currently standing upon would lead to something getting eaten if you left.
2. If something is in danger of getting eaten, place things into the boat to fix the situation and go to step four.
3. Otherwise, if everything is fine:
  - A. If you're standing at the destination point, leave the boat empty.
  - B. If you're standing at the starting point, choose items (up to the capacity of the boat) to bring across in an unspecified intelligent manner.
4. Cross the river.

5. Unload the boat and see if all things are at their destination.
6. If so, the riddle is solved. You stop working.
7. If not, go to step one.

By writing a description like this, called an algorithm, you've not only solved the wolf, goat, cabbage, one-thing-at-a-time problem, you can also solve the computer geek, doughnut, creepy stalker, pizza, pretty girl, policeman, two-things-at-a-time problem. You could even solve a riddle involving thousands of items, something that would be too big too hold in a human head. In writing an algorithm and grasping the deep nature of the puzzle, we coders conquer whole classes of riddles.

That's what the real purpose of computers is: not only to solve problems that would take real people too long to be interesting, but to capture our thoughts and make them into diamonds. When I come up with an algorithm, when I come up with a solution to a class of riddles, I'm coalescing a lot of hazy thoughts in my head into a precise poem. The computer languages that people express their algorithms in are a compressed kind of English that reflects this. The steps above would look like this in C, one of the most popular languages. This is going to be a little like reading Middle English: the words will look familiar, but they won't be completely graspable. An important thing to keep in mind is that in C, a semicolon—not a period, exclamation point, or question mark—always ends a sentence. Be brave.

```
do
{
    if ( somethingInDanger() )
        while ( somethingInDanger() )
            placeInBoat( chooseEndangeredThing());
    else
        if (thisShore == startShore)
            while (boatLoad<= boatCapacity)
                placeInBoat( chooseThingIntelligently() );
        crossRiver();
        unloadBoat();
    }
until ( riddleSolved() );
```

It's easy to get lost in all of the parentheses and curly braces, but they're just the equivalent of the poles that hold up a tent. They don't do anything by themselves and aren't especially meaningful, but the tent would fall apart without them. Remember, this is exactly the same thing as the steps in English.

Skip over the word `do` in the beginning—it just a necessary part to set up the last steps that I'll explain in a little. The line `if ( somethingInDanger() )` is the equivalent of step two. `somethingInDanger()` is a way to call on a function named `somethingInDanger`. A function is just a bundle of steps that has a name. Coders usually divide up steps into little packages so that it's easier to understand what's going on. `somethingInDanger`, for example, does the work of deciding whether an object is in danger of being eaten. I left out the actual

definition of `somethingInDanger` because it's boring to look at. The word `if` has a pretty straightforward meaning: in English, "If whatever is in the parentheses is true, then do this next step."

The next line, `while ( somethingInDanger() )`, works the same way. The word `while` means, "While whatever is in the parentheses is true, keep doing this next step." The line after that is the equivalent of step two. Rephrased, it says, "While there are things in danger, place those things in the boat."

The line `placeInBoat ( chooseEndangeredThing() )` is a call to the function `placeInBoat`, but it's different in that it has `chooseEndangeredThing()` between its parentheses. `chooseEndangeredThing` is a function, too, but it's acting as a parameter. A parameter is a silly word for something that a set of steps will work on—it's a way for functions to speak to each other. `chooseEndangeredThing` finds a thing that's in danger, and `placeInBoat` places that thing in the boat. Parentheses enclose parameters but not in the same way they enclose things that follow the words `if` and `while`. The things after `if` and `while` are called conditions—things that are either true or false.

In the next line, just plain `else`, works with the `if` on line three. It says, "If that condition in the `if` statement wasn't true, do this instead." It's the first half of step three. Notice how the `if` and `else` line up horizontally. That's intentional because, without these kind of cues, things get confused really quickly.

The `if` statement after that takes care of part A—there's no



else to this `if`, so does nothing. The `while` statement after that is the equivalent of part B. `boatLoad <= boatCapacity` is a compressed form of the sentence, “The stuff in the boat is less than or equal to the capacity of the boat.”

`placeInBoat ( chooseThingIntelligently() )` works just like it does with `placeInBoat (chooseEndangeredThing() )`, only this time we’re choosing things in that unspecified intelligent manner stated in part B. The similar naming is also intentional, because it helps people see that the two functions have similar uses.

`crossRiver()` and `unloadBoat()` are steps four and five. I took care of steps six and seven by fitting them around all of the other steps. The curly brackets enclose a set of steps and make them act like one big step—a set of steps enclosed in curly brackets is sort of a function without a name—and the `do until` statement says, “Do this big step until `riddleSolved()` is true.”

Once you pierce the veil of parentheses and curly braces and semicolons, it’s pretty simple in there. All a computer language is is a bridge between the real world, where we speak English and use ten fingers to count, and the world of computers, which speaks words like `F043A0` and uses 16 light switches to count.

But these details are ultimately unimportant. They’re just the incarnation of thought, a machinery that’s no more interesting in itself than a grandfather clock. There are certainly a few people who find the insides of grandfather clocks interesting, but most people are more interested in their end result: cuckoos chirping

and wooden ballerinas dancing. There are some people who are involved in designing clocks to do interesting things, but the actual cogs and wheels aren't interesting in themselves when they're sitting in a chest or a drawer. They're tent poles. They just get things done.

There's one problem with the solution to the easy riddle, though. What if this algorithm is given an unsolvable set of circumstances? What if we added a flesh-eating bacterium that would destroy both goat and wolf? The riddle would be unsolvable, because any way you tried it, you'd end up leaving the bacterium with the goat or the wolf at some point.

Here is the second riddle: Which riddles are solvable and which are unsolvable?

This is the hard riddle. Remember, our goal is to be as abstract as possible, so I'm not talking about just the wolf, goat, and cabbage riddle. I'm also talking about "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" and "How can the U.S. get rid of its budget deficit?" and "How do you get from here to the moon using only a spoon?" There are a few simple, good answers to the first riddle, a few complicated, good answers to the second one, and none at all for the third. (It would be neat if there was a solution, though.)

If you sat down and thought about it for a while, you could work out a way to decide whether a certain variation on the wolf, goat, cabbage riddle was solvable or not. It's a lot more complicated to figure out whether a problem is solvable than to solve it in the first place, which is a little strange, if you think about it.

But what about all of those other kinds of riddles?

Imagine this hard riddle as a machine with a little slot to stick descriptions of riddles into, a green light that lights up for solvable riddles, and a red light that lights up for unsolvable riddles. The inside of the machine would be the algorithm; whatever steps it would take to decide whether a riddle was solvable or not.

Now imagine giving this machine the hard riddle itself.

If this machine does work, if this hard riddle can be solved, then the green light should light up. Think about this. If a machine could figure out whether it works correctly or not, then why do computer programs crash and lose important things? Couldn't a computer program be written that would be able to figure out if the person who created it had made a mistake?

The answer is no. The second, hard riddle has no solution. It is possible to tell, in some cases, whether a riddle is solvable or not. But in the most abstract sense—and remember, it's the abstract that's really important—there is no way to distinguish between all unsolvable riddles and all solvable riddles. The reason is that the best way to decide whether a riddle is solvable or not is by simply trying to solve it. If it is solvable, then the program would end and the green light would come on. But if it were unsolvable, the program would churn forever, never giving an answer. You can't assume that just because a light doesn't come on that the riddle is unsolvable because there are riddles that take a very long time to solve but still have solutions. Algebraic equations with three or more variables can take computers insane

amounts of time to solve. And there aren't any other ways to attack this problem that aren't rephrasing this decide-whether-it's-solvable-by-solving program.

This implies that not every problem can be solved with a set of predetermined steps and that there are some things that computers can't do. This also means that coders, when they sit down to solve problems, know that there are certain things that can't be done—not because we're not smart enough, but because they're intrinsically impossible with a computer.

Computer science is one of the few scientific disciplines that acknowledges that it's not going to be able to figure out everything. Biologists or physicists don't know everything about how things work in the world, but there's a sense that if they keep working on it, they can crack open the universe's oyster shell. Perhaps they really can figure everything out, but I like working in a field that knows its own limitations. Even though people have had evil dreams about computers taking over the world, we coders know that what we're working with is only a limited shadow of our own selves.

Computers can do useful things. They can do surprising and beautiful things. But only because the people who program them can think usefully, surprisingly, and beautifully.

## A HOOK WILL SOMETIMES KEEP YOU



*Christine Renée Lincoln*

Right there,” I thought. “That thing. I used to be so afraid of it.” It wasn’t so much the rusted water pump—with the handle you had to work until air and then water gushed from its spout—but the well; the hole underneath terrified me. I believed I could slip through the cracks between the wood planks and be gone. One of the most frightening thoughts in a person’s life is just that, and don’t I know it first hand.

I pulled the wagon with my son inside over to the oval of ragged grass that covered the center of the driveway, dropped the handle, and sat down beside the oak.

“Lord, this tree,” I said out loud.

\* \* \* \* \*

I don’t know exactly when I first came here to live. It seemed always. But in the beginning, Aunt Loretta never let me forget that I wasn’t born at this place. I don’t remember her...my mother. What she looked like, smelled like, tasted like. I was two when she left. But when I figured out she wasn’t coming back, that was

when I first became invisible. It was that birthday party that did it, my seventh. Before then, each year had come and gone with no more than a “happy birthday” from Aunt Loretta and a yearning for the woman I still called momma.

But when I turned seven, Aunt Loretta gave me the most elaborate party: balloons and games, cake and homemade strawberry ice cream. All the children came: Junie, Sonny, Cin, just everybody. We ran around the yard, around this tree, playing “its” and “freeze-tag.” Wasn’t until later, when everyone had gone home and the streamers lay crumbled in the grass and the balloons had been popped and small pink mountains of ice cream lay melting in the dirt, that I felt it. I knew she wasn’t coming back, and it was at that moment this heaviness come over me. Started at my bare feet. Most folks think when you turn invisible you get lighter, but just the opposite is true. It’s more like a leadening, as if you’re being pulled into the earth. I felt tired and when I looked down, I could see my feet fading, dissolving into the grass and air.

I called out to Aunt Loretta who came running out of the house. When she got to where I was sitting on the bottom porch step, all I could do was point at my dust covered toes. “Look,” I screamed. “Look at my feet, Aunt Loretta.”

She couldn’t see it, couldn’t see nothing. Lord, I was frantic, jumping up and down and pointing all the while to my feet.

“I’m turning invisible, I’m dissed-appearing, Auntie.”

“Pontella, you cut this foolishness out, you hear me,” she said in a trembling voice.

“Help me, Auntie,” I cried, falling down into her lap. I cried until all I had left were the hiccups inside my chest, no more sound than that. My eyes were puffed, near swollen shut. But when I looked down at my feet, my legs had faded up to my knees. With a scream, I jumped up from Aunt Loretta and ran over to this tree, scrambled up its limbs so quick Aunt Loretta didn’t have time to stop me. When I was younger, I would always climb this tree, sit in the crook of its branches and let the breezes rock me. Made me think this must have been what it felt like when I was a baby. Like being held in my momma’s arms.

Aunt Loretta begged for me to come down. She stood at the base of the tree, wringing her hands, twisting the bottom of her floral dress between her hands, stroking the fabric with her thumbs, pleading with me. But I refused. It was as if—feeling the solid roughness beneath my fingers—the tree was the only thing that could keep me. I stayed there all the rest of that day into the evening. Aunt Loretta stayed with me; she sat down at the foot of the tree listening to my sobs until night when I stumbled down and let Aunt Loretta take me into the house. She tried to get me to eat, but I was too tired. Instead, I fell across my bed, and before I could even get my head down good on the pillow, I was fast asleep.

The next morning, the first thing I did was look down at my legs. I was still gone, now up to my thighs. I ran from the house and up into the tree. Aunt Loretta, who was in the kitchen frying slabs of bacon for breakfast, ran out after me.

"I know we must have been a sight." I chuckled. "Me sitting in this tree, with my powder-blue party dress on. Aunt Loretta standing at the bottom begging for me to come on down."

But again, I refused. This went on for days; the only time I could come down was at night when I would eat and fall into an exhausted sleep. And each morning, more of me was gone.

On the fifth day, Aunt Loretta just went on with her regular routine. Some women folk came by the house during the afternoon; they had heard about what was happening to me. I could hear them talking over on the porch. Every now and then one would look over at the tree where I sat hidden in its leaves and shake her head.

"She needs a whopping," Mrs. Fuller said. She was Aunt Loretta's best friend. She knew how to handle children since she had four girls around my age and Aunt Loretta had never had a one.

When they had each given my aunt their opinions on what she should do with me, they made their way down the driveway to leave, still chattering.

"Always knew that child was different," one said.

"Just like her momma."

"Umm-hmm."

They had no idea how their words drifted up and covered me like a blanket. That evening when Aunt Loretta came to keep me company. I whispered down so that she had to get up on the tips of her toes to hear me.



“She ain’t coming back, is she?”

Aunt Loretta just looked up into the tree, her dark, sad eyes peering into my own. “I want to tell you a story, Pontella, about this tree you sittin’ in,” she sighed, settling down among the tangle of roots overgrown with velvet green moss into the seat-like crook that had formed at the base of the tree.

“There was this girl named Wheat, a slave girl who came to live here on this very land. It used to belong to a family called the Brantleys. But then their children grew older and moved on. Left the place to their driver, your granddaddy.

“At first, no one knew her name, how old she was (though they could tell she was a child-woman); they knew none of the things most folks know about a person. But she entered this place in the back of a wagon, and before it was all said and done, they would know more than they could ever forget.

“It all started when the old Master died. His son, the young Master, went and found himself a wife, who wanted a girl for herself. They already had the old woman, Lettie, who worked in the house and Lettie’s son, Jonathan, who worked the fields. Wasn’t enough for the Missus.

“You know how folks is: if one person have two slaves, they gotta have three. Like when Mr. Bubby bought that car a few years back. Then all the men around here had to go buy one. I tell ya, folks the same everywhere.

“The Missus had to have a girl, a personal slave girl. So as a wedding gift, young Master went down to South Carolina one

day and came back with this girl in the back of the wagon. Even with her hands bound in rope, tied to the side of the cart, there was something about her that said this young woman wasn't nobody's slave. Her face was raised up to the sun so that she appeared as if she had been dipped in gold. Her hair was soft like a baby's but thick as rope, streamed behind her and up into the air as if it were oil-blackened flames. And tall. When the Master unloosened her hands and she unfolded herself from that wagon, she shot up like a stalk of wheat, see? She knew that she had another name, though, and when the wind stirred up the leaves or the rain pelted its melody into the dust, they murmured that name for her.

"Wheat became the Missus' girl. Worked in the house, and in the evenings, she would sit with Lettie, never saying a word, just sittin' while the old woman cleaned the kitchen and caught up with that day's darning and other sewing. Then the two would retire—Lettie to her cabin, Wheat upstairs to sleep at the foot of the Missus' bed on a makeshift pallet of blankets. They all thought the girl had settled into the place. But one morning they awoke to find that she had disappeared; she had run off.

"Master got the hounds on her, and they found her holed up in a hollow of trees on the way to Pennsylvania. They brought her back, once again tied to the back of the wagon, but this time when the Master unloosed her hands, it was only to bring her to this tree. He wrapped her arms around it so she hugged the base, stripped her so that her back was bare. Whopped that gal. The

lash a tongue that licked the golden skin from her body until her blood ran down and mingled with the wet grass.

“Lettie took care of her, fixed her up; the raw wounds turning into a tangle of roots that would forever remind Wheat of the day she became one with the trees.

“After that beating, everyone figured that girl wasn’t going nowhere. But one morning about six months later, they woke up to find the foot of Missus’ bed empty. Again the Master went out after her and they found her, this time heading back down south.

“They had ripped one of her front teeth from her mouth so she’d be easier to find. When she came back, the blood had already crusted into the corners of her mouth and chin. The trappers who had helped the Master find Wheat had this contraption called the grave, which they gave to the Master in order to break the girl. It was the length of a coffin with small holes in the top. At the end where the head went was a slot the width of a grown man’s fist. This was so they could pass in food and water. But as soon as the meal was done, the slot had a little door that was sealed shut. Nothing but darkness. The only time she would get to see the sunlight was when they would feed her. Didn’t even let her out to relieve herself.

“They put Wheat inside that thing face down and kept her there for ten days. Kept her in that tight space of darkness until she didn’t know the days from the years, kept her until she didn’t know herself from the blackness. Until she dissolved and became air.

“At night Lettie would sometimes sneak out of her cabin to go talk to the girl, but the haunting moans that came from that box frightened her so that she couldn’t move. When they finally let Wheat out, she wasn’t quite the same. Even still, everyone knew it was only a matter of time before she ran again. It was the way she moved: held her body like one of them horses that couldn’t be broken, the way her muscles rippled beneath her skin at just the slightest word or touch.

“The Master was near about desperate. Wheat would look up at times during the day and find his eyes on her, trying to capture her. She had begun talking to the sunlight and the grass, the wind. They told her things. She stopped sitting with Lettie in the evenings and never would go around Jonathan. Even when Wheat was around other folks, it was more like she wasn’t there at all.

“Lettie and Jonathan thought the girl was crazy. But Wheat knew what they were saying; the wind told her everything. What they didn’t know was how her skin hurt when they got too close. So she took to conversating with the grass and listened to the trees instead. They told her about the white people and this thing called slavery—how it had come from inside of her, inside all of them. It had been created out of the bleakest part of her soul. That she had the power to uncreate it.

“Soon after, the Master moved Wheat into a cabin of her own. Wheat knew it was only a matter of time before he would move through the night and make his way to her. That’s why she

wasn't at all surprised to see the door open to the silent figure that slipped into her night-shrouded room. She waited until he came to stand at the base of her bed. Her eyes glittered like a barn owl's, watching. Then she began to laugh what sounded like the hissing of snakes.

"She reared up from the bed and thrust her face into the Master's. 'I take you back,' she spat at him. 'I take you back.' Her hands reached out like talons as he stumbled away from the bed, from the room and its curse. The color had drained from his face and Jonathan, who was sitting outside his own cabin, thought at first the old Master had risen from the dead.

"He left Wheat pretty much alone after that—sent her out to work the fields with Jonathan, but she didn't mind. She loved being in the sunlight where she could talk to the things outdoors and listen for when it was time for her to leave again.

"It was Jonathan that finally did it. He worked side by side with the strange girl and after awhile he, too, started to listen. During the day he would move so that he could be closer to Wheat while they worked and at night he would sit outside her cabin door and speak in tones that sounded like the rustling of wind through new spring leaves, until Wheat's ears grew eager for his words.

"Then one night a squall came in. It was one of those fierce summer storms that rage as if to consume everything in its path, only to rush back out again in a matter of moments. When it was over, Wheat waited on the edge of her bed, her heart racing. She

wanted Jonathan to come with his words that quieted her and it was then she figured out what the storm was saying, what the Master was doing. How he was using Jonathan this time. A yearning she had never felt before told her how they wanted to get her with child. She could almost feel the sharp hooks of a child's cry pierce her breasts, keep her from going away. When Jonathan finally did come, Wheat stuffed herself in the corner of the room with her hands over her ears. He whispered to her. His words scurried under the cracks in the door and into the room. Crawled over to where she crouched huddled in the blackness, trembling.

"She waited until he went away before leaving her cabin. When she finally did come out it was to this tree. The moonlight streamed through the branches with a light so pure she could feel it opening up the hidden places inside of herself. She could hear the tree, its blood, her blood coursing like a river, and she knew it was time for her to go.

"Some time within that moment when the darkness separates itself from the dawn, a stillness fell over this place, over the earth, the entire universe. It was as if God himself mourned. That's what woke up the Master and the Missus, Jonathan and Lettie. They saw it at the same time. What used to be a girl called Wheat. How she had become one with the tree, her body a broken, swinging branch that almost touched the ground."

\* \* \* \* \*

Aunt Loretta got up, stretched herself, and went into the house, leaving me alone with Wheat's tree, my tree. The sun was still out, though the sky contained just a hint of orange and purple that signified the coming twilight. Hesitantly, I climbed down. I could finally see my bony knees that turned inward and almost touched each other, my dusty feet as I followed Aunt Loretta into our home.

"It never left me, the feeling that I would wake up one day and no one would be able to see me. Not until the day I had you." I pointed toward the bedroom window, "You were born right in that room up there."

I lifted my son, who had fallen asleep, out of the wagon and positioned him so that he lay across my shoulder. "The very moment you left the place you had been and entered the room a quiet fell, broken only by your mewling cry," I continued in a whisper.

"I understood then what Wheat knew; that you were a hook. But I also found out what she would never come to know: that sometimes a hook is the one thing, the only thing that can keep you from becoming invisible."

## CLARA SCHUMANN'S LIFE-ROLES: A STORY OF BITTERSWEET RECONCILIATION



*Jolene Lehr*

Although Robert Schumann is a well-known German musician—familiar for his brooding, fantastical compositions which captured the blooming spirit of nineteenth-century Europe—fewer people are aware that his wife, Clara Wieck Schumann, was also a pianist and composer. Although audiences adored Clara and her unsurpassed talent which she exacted and displayed for the majority of her seventy-seven year-long life, her part in the evolutionary development of music has been all but erased. In an attempt to recover Clara Schumann from the expunging tide of the modern canon, I discovered a prevailing trend in many of the texts documenting her life: scholars tend to separate her many life-roles. In other words, very few critics juxtapose Clara the Wife with Clara the Professional, Clara the Mother, and Clara the Composer to view the interconnectedness between her various facets of creation. This critical distension of the intimate relationship between the woman and the artist obscures the importance, uniqueness, and origins of her creativity, thereby perpetuating the spiritual prejudice against her and, in general, women's art. Reexamining the personal world from which her



accomplishments spawned demands that we acknowledge the emotional and physical significance of major events in her domestic life which corresponded to, inspired, and possibly hindered her professional life. This en-gendering of creation, through mind and body, becomes problematic when seen in this humanistic framework, and the inner-strife Clara may have felt in her attempts to reconcile her many life-roles becomes clearly astounding and instructive.

The examination must start at the beginning: Clara's childhood. Her mother, Marianne Wieck Bargiel, a professional musician, was certainly a pertinent role model for the young girl. Reich writes:

To achieve and maintain a successful career, Marianne could not neglect the piano. She continued to study, supervised the household, and assisted Wieck by taking on students in voice and piano. Between household tasks and concert engagements she gave birth to five children. Her work was not interrupted by birth....<sup>1</sup>

Early on, it seems, Clara was impressed with the importance of balancing career and gender roles. Citron comments: "While growing up Clara probably carried a vivid belief in her own powers as a female musician because of an identification with her mother."<sup>2</sup> However, because Marianne did not compose, she could not serve entirely as a precedent for Clara. As Citron suggests, this may have prompted Clara's later ambivalent feelings towards

composing.<sup>3</sup> Furthermore, some critics, such as Ostwald, contend that Clara's childhood was unhappily tainted by neglect caused by her parents' careers. Ostwald even suggests that Clara did not begin speaking until age four because of this emotional deprivation.<sup>4</sup> Taking this into consideration, one can conclude that Clara also felt the negative impact of having professional musicians as parents, and particularly of having one as a mother. Moreover, at age five, as a result of the divorce between Marianne and Friederich Wieck, Clara was taken from her mother and kept in her father's household with her brothers (without sisters to whom she could relate).<sup>5</sup> Even her secondary female companion, the housekeeper Johanna Strobel, was dismissed by her father in December 1825.<sup>6</sup> In this pivotal developmental period when female role-models are crucial, they were sparse in Clara's life.

Most critics paint Friederich Wieck in a negative light: "His expectations were onerous: his wife was to be artist and teacher as well as mother and wife, and was to submit to his will in all things."<sup>7</sup> Although this is probably true, one must also consider how supportive Wieck was of Clara's professionalism. Citron notes the biggest obstacle in the path of professional females is a lack of "enough emphasis in women's upbringing on ego, courage, and independence."<sup>8</sup> Wieck did not let Clara's gender prevent him from molding the "star" he named her to be. However, again ambiguity arises when one considers Wieck's dominion over Clara, even past her wedding day. All throughout her childhood and adolescence Clara must have been receiving mixed messages about

gender roles, professionalism, and her capability (or responsibility) in fitting and achieving both.

Marriage to Robert Schumann was an extension of these mixed signals. As evidenced by the Schumanns' marriage diaries, the couple was plagued by tension over domestic and professional affairs. Namely because of Robert's ever-present illnesses, Clara was often caught in a whirl-wind of mixed emotions. She relied heavily on Robert's love, dedication, approval and intellect, but often Robert exhibited a lack of equanimity in regard to marital, economic and career-based issues. Even his core perception of gender relations was warped:

It was consistent with Schumann's personality that he would repeatedly try to reduce his inner anguish by projecting his self-reproach onto various external figures, mainly women. This mechanism of defense would then make it seem that these figures were rebuking him. Hence Schumann's violent anger toward the women he loved, and his attempt to repudiate them.<sup>9</sup>

When Clara was openly willing to douse Robert with affection, care and dedication, Schumann would taunt her: "Experience tells us that female artists, good and great ones especially, only rarely love the same man for more than a year, three years at the most."<sup>10</sup> Clara's need to prove her love for Robert remained a consistent issue throughout the marriage and often detracted her energies from other facets of her life.

Perhaps the greatest strife originated in the dissonance between Robert and Clara's conception of what her life-roles should be: "Robert would have been happy to live quietly, to have Clara perform for him and perhaps some friends and provide a comfortable nest, like a conventional Hausfrau. For Clara, however, such a life was impossible."<sup>11</sup> Despite Clara's thirst for a creative outlet in front of a receptive audience, it seemed an unspoken agreement between them that Robert's career took automatic precedence. Reich explains Clara's consequential constraints: "Clara spent her time [in Leipzig] studying music, reading, playing (when it did not interfere with Robert's composing), entertaining visiting musicians, and keeping house with the help of several servants."<sup>12</sup>

Although Clara could be truly happy only when Robert was also, she felt torn in the direction of her art as well. Reich notes one diary entry from May 9, 1841 as an example: "The more Robert involves himself with his art, the less I can do as an artist, Heaven knows! There are always interruptions, and small as our household is, I always have this and that to do, and it robs me of my time."<sup>13</sup> It was a vicious cycle: Clara was happiest involved with her work, but Robert craved the majority of her time and attention. Wanting to make him happy, Clara would sacrifice herself to "mother" her husband, thereby making herself depressed, at which point she would feel doubly-depressed for dragging down Robert. She wrote, "I'm wholly dependent on his moods; perhaps that's not good, but I can't help it...I'm constantly

exhausted...It is terrible for a man to be always around a lamenting wife.”<sup>14</sup>

The arrival of children into the Schumann family instigated even more mixed emotions and ambivalence. Although Robert was happy about having children, Clara’s pregnancies inevitably inspired in him a strong anxiety, which then spread to Clara as well. In synch with his overall manic-depression, Robert exhibited a “simultaneous elation and depression” at the prospect of more and more children, which possibly inspired heavier drinking on his part.<sup>15</sup> Clara, pregnant ten times in thirteen years, must have certainly felt the physical and emotional burden of maternity. Furthermore, it appears that Clara had very little control over her own pregnancies, as the couple most likely did not use birth control, which was expensive and difficult to obtain in that era.<sup>16</sup> None of the texts I consulted indicated full obstetrical care for Clara, either. Robert’s “psychologist,” Dr. Carus, apparently offered her advice, but one can only guess what circumspect remedies this “natural philosopher” suggested for any problems Clara incurred.

In spite of the nineteenth-century belief that pregnant women should remain out of the public eye and relatively inactive, Clara pushed on with her career through all of her pregnancies, perhaps to vent some of her frustrations and anxieties stemming from her maternal role.<sup>17</sup> For example, Ostwald notes when Clara was four months pregnant she performed movements at the Gewandhaus from Chopin’s F Minor Piano Concerto, a duet

with Mendelssohn, and pieces by Scarlatti, Thalberg and Schumann.<sup>18</sup> Barely two weeks before she went into labor, Clara, despite her discomfort, insisted on trying the challenging solo part to *Phantasie* at a Gewandhaus dress rehearsal.<sup>19</sup> Ostwald notes that Clara was not all-together comfortable in her role as mother to the new baby, Marie, in 1841: “[S]he experienced, as with each subsequent infant, a reluctance to breast-feed. The baby was not even a month old, yet Clara thought, ‘It’s high time to find another wet-nurse, before it half starves to death.’”<sup>20</sup> Indeed, a wet nurse was hired for six months after the birth of each child, and this enabled Clara to resume her career almost immediately.<sup>21</sup> Ostwald notes that less than three months after Marie’s birth, Clara was giving public concerts again.<sup>22</sup> During the Bremen and Hamburg concerts of 1841, six-month-old Marie stayed with Schumann’s brother in Schneeberg.<sup>23</sup> The impetus to perpetuate her career was in the foreground, as Reich explains:

Once she realized that wet-nurses were available, that the baby could be boarded with relatives, that an additional maid could be hired for a pittance, that motherhood did not necessarily tie her down, she wasted no time. Clara composed, toured, played, and was feted as in the old days before marriage and childbearing. The schedule took its toll, but she knew she had to establish herself as Clara Schumann, pianist, as soon as possible. There was no lack of pianistic talent in the 1840s, and the 22-year-old performer was already mindful of younger artists making their way to fame.<sup>24</sup>

As if leaving her child weren't enough pressure, Robert's dependence on Clara's presence took a toll on her conscience as well; he needled her: "Letting you go was one of the most foolish things I ever did in my life and it certainly won't happen again."<sup>25</sup> Robert seemed almost jealous of the attention she gave her babies and her pregnant self; on 17 February 1843, he wrote that Clara was giving him "tender care" even though she was pregnant.<sup>26</sup> He also appreciated the limitations pregnancy put on Clara and the way her feminized self enabled him to envision her as the *Hausfrau* he may have preferred. Robert took solace in the reduced chances of her touring and traveling while pregnant, a great relief to the husband who was, for the most part, nonfunctional without his wife's presence, yet unable to join her because of his social phobias.<sup>27</sup>

But again, there was more emotional wavering on the issue. In February 1843, with only one baby in the house and another on the way, Robert started to notice the subsequential sacrifices Clara made in her composing:

"Clara has written a number of smaller pieces which show a musicianship and a tenderness of invention such as she has never before attained. But children, and a husband who is always living in the realms of imagination, do not go well with composition. She cannot work at it regularly, and I am often disturbed to think how many tender ideas are lost because she cannot work them out."<sup>28</sup>

Such constraints frustrated Clara:

“An indescribable gloominess has fallen over me the last few days . . . if you [Robert] do not also let me work, if you cut off every means of earning something, I can see no other way out. I want to earn money so that you can dedicate your life entirely to your art.”<sup>29</sup>

Clara won out and performed at the Gewandhaus (while pregnant, conception having been around August) 2 October 1842, 8 January 1843, 2 February 1843, and 9 February 1843. After Elise's birth in April 1843, Clara played twice more in Leipzig and organized more concerts in Dresden. Throughout this period, Robert still expressed “constant need for her and dependence on her.”<sup>30</sup> Perhaps the epitome of Robert's instigating Clara's mixed feelings is in a sorrowful letter where he appeals to her motherhood, possibly to get her to return from her tour or to rethink leaving again in the future: “Marie is well; when she hears the word ‘Mama’ she waves her hand sadly as if she knew you were gone.”<sup>31</sup>

The couple's trip to Russia further exemplifies the constant emotional tug-of-war Clara fought. She had dreamed of this trip since before the marriage, and the return home after the fulfillment of her fantasy was quite a shock back into reality. She wrote in the diary:

Although we were back in our old domesticity and had our children again, everything seemed so bleak, so empty.



On top of that came Robert's ever-present indisposition, which had really lasted the entire trip, but was often disguised.<sup>32</sup>

Clara realized with disdain that she must reencounter the tense fracturing rapidly subsuming her life, bifurcated by multiple responsibilities and equivocal feelings. As Clara indicated, the marriage was strained from this trip as well, particularly since Robert's career hit a low-point during this period, while Clara's inarguably soared. After conceiving a third child, Julie, in July 1844, Clara pushed on with her career and played the most difficult piece she knew, Beethoven's *Emperor*, at the Gewandhaus while six months pregnant.<sup>33</sup> She also gave many farewell concerts as the family prepared to move to Dresden.

The Dresden years were a locus of turmoil for the Schumann family. Robert experienced a bad breakdown in 1844, and Clara, inextricably linked with Robert's health, exhibited many psychosomatic symptoms. To stay home and care for Robert, Clara briefly quit working at the conservatory, teaching, and performing.<sup>34</sup> Robert's condition seems to have been worsened by the established pattern of Clara's annual pregnancies. She reconceived three months after Julie's birth in March 1845. Robert's anxious entry in the marriage diaries documents Clara taking a "worrisome fall" during this pregnancy. Ostwald contends Robert's fear that Clara might miscarry was compounded by his guilty wish *for* a miscarriage.<sup>35</sup> Throughout this Dresden period, Clara's responsibilities continued to multiply as she arranged her concerts, resumed piano

lessons, bore four more children, supervised a household of three servants, and composed.<sup>36</sup> Between 1845 and 1846, she gave twelve concerts, most of them in Leipzig and Dresden.<sup>37</sup> She gave birth to little, sickly Emil in January 1846. The would-be primogeniture, Emil spent most of his short life outside of the Schumann home with a nurse to treat his “glandular disease,” to which he fatally succumbed sixteen months later in June 1847.

To alleviate mounting stress, the Schumanns decided to take a vacation to Norderney, a small island off Germany’s northern coast, from 15 July to 21 August. One major event during this trip remains opaque: it is known that pregnant Clara ailed and called the doctor; when the doctor left, Clara was no longer pregnant. Natural and unforeseeable miscarriage, or induced miscarriage, or abortion—the exact nature of the event is indefinable. The tragedy occurred on July 26; on July 27, Clara proceeded with a scheduled concert with her usual incredible stamina.<sup>38</sup> Robert mentions that before she had fully recovered from the miscarriage, she was already planning many concerts upon their return to Dresden. Peculiarly, it is also during this time that Clara was producing some of her best works: Preludes and Fugues, Trio in D minor, Piano Trio op. 17 and several unpublished pieces.<sup>39</sup> Did she use composing as a distracting escape from her troubles, or did she attempt to raise her self-confidence through a mental creation since her physical one had failed—a special way to deal with a special form of post-partum stress?<sup>40</sup> Did the miscarriage/abortion remind her of the sacrifices she was

making for her career, thereby reinvigorating her interest in composing? Chissell mentions that Clara sometimes composed to gain Robert's love or reconciliation; did Clara believe that producing these works would appease Robert and alleviate guilt related to the Norderney incident?<sup>41</sup> Ostwald comments that Clara, finally not pregnant, seemed relieved and continued to perform at the Gewandhaus, adding two of her own cadenzas on one occasion.<sup>42</sup> She continued to pursue her career when the couple went to Vienna with Marie and Elise, leaving the sickly Emil at home. They also traveled to Berlin to premier Robert's *Das Paradies*.<sup>43</sup> By 1847, a satisfied Clara was giving two lessons a day and greatly relishing her earning potential.<sup>44</sup>

1847 seems to have been another rough year for Clara, however. In May her newly found freedom ended when she conceived Ludwig. This pregnancy may have given her more trouble than others, as Ostwald notes she had to abandon transcribing Robert's C Major Symphony, seemingly because of her condition.<sup>45</sup> She expressed concern over the practicality of this fifth pregnancy: "What will become of my work?...yet without children there is indeed no happiness, and so I have decided to face the difficult time that is coming as cheerfully as possible. Whether it will always be like this, I don't know."<sup>46</sup> Clara could not have predicted how "difficult" this time would indeed be for her. During this year she endured a series of deeply wrenching losses; first her friend Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel died in May, then Emil passed in June, and Felix Mendelssohn's death tripled the trauma in

November. Throughout this period, although she was struggling with her emotional upheaval, Clara maintained her career-oriented mindset: "I am lazy, but I cannot help it because I am always ill and terribly weak. Oh, if I could only work, that is my one sorrow."<sup>47</sup> Her biological condition did not offer her repose, as she gave birth to Ludwig in January 1848 and conceived Ferdinand in October of the same year. Robert suffered his typical anxiety, in his own words: "the melancholy bats still swarming around me sometimes; they scare the music away."<sup>48</sup> In addition, the political situation in Dresden during 1849 was horrendous. Seven months pregnant, Clara hid Robert when the militia came to draft men, ushered him out of the city, and then returned, amongst cannon fire, casualties and rebels with huge scythes, to rescue her children still at home. During this crisis the nanny was incapacitated with a sudden case of measles and was therefore a liability rather than a help to an encumbered Clara.<sup>49</sup>

Ferdinand's birth seemed to stoke the fire of tension between Clara and Robert as the latter's mental condition deteriorated. Robert began unabashedly criticizing Clara's musicianship, and this affected her to the point of inducing a case of stage fright—unheard of for this masterful performer. Clara commented, "I carry the guilt; I feel deeply aggrieved."<sup>50</sup> One must wonder what guilt this implies: Guilt for having more children? Guilt for performing after Ferdinand's birth? Guilt for not being able to cure Robert's imbalances? For this woman who always absorbed shock and took burdens upon her own shoulders, it might have been a

little bit of everything. Clara was constantly reminded of the choices she was making and cast “blame” upon her conscience, sometimes, it seems, without realizing her own will had little to do with some events, such as pregnancy.

March of 1851 brought yet another pregnancy. Eugenie, the daughter who would grow up to write her memoirs of life in the Schumann family, was an ill-timed conception. Ostwald comments: “As usual, [Robert] responded with malaise, as did [Clara].”<sup>51</sup> The family had just moved to Düsseldorf and was not yet acclimated to their new surroundings, and Clara’s coveted concert tour to England also had to be postponed. Around this same time the critics began consistently attacking Robert Schumann. Regardless of her own responsibilities or personal condition, Clara went to great extent to defend and protect her husband. Meanwhile, Clara’s own career, or at least social life, continued to flower as she maintained the limelight. According to Robert’s letter to his mother announcing Eugenie’s December 1851 birth, Clara had been at a party less than three hours before labor commenced.<sup>52</sup>

By July 1852, Clara announced “frightening hopes” that she was yet again with child.<sup>53</sup> This marks a second instance of mysterious medical activity. The couple decided to vacation in Scheveningen, Holland to ameliorate stress, as before. Again, Clara “fell ill” and when the doctor finished “treatment,” Clara was no longer pregnant. The tone behind this incident seems, even more so than the first occurrence, to indicate that it may

have been a “therapeutic miscarriage.”<sup>54</sup> It is salient to note outsiders’ reactions versus the family’s during this difficult time. Berthold Litzmann wrote that Clara: “recovered quickly and stood at her post already after a few days with remarkable freshness and courage.”<sup>55</sup> However, the marriage diaries describe Clara as “always ailing” and suffering a “bad fainting attack.”<sup>56</sup> Again, there is a schism or, perhaps, a paradoxically inverse relationship between Clara’s female well-being and her professional well-being. Throughout this period, she was also “finding her element” in her private room on Bilkerstrasse where she could practice and compose without having to adapt to Robert’s schedule. She was producing some of her greatest pieces, such as *Variations on a Theme* by Robert Schumann op. 20, *Three Romances for Piano* op. 21, *Three Romances for Violin and Piano* op. 22, and *Six Songs* op. 23. She also arranged her own concerts in Düsseldorf, Bonn, Cologne, and Krefeld, attending to details Reich describes as “staggering.”<sup>57</sup>

Two false-alarm pregnancies Christmas 1852 and June 1853 worried the mentally-decomposing Robert, who was also fired as Gewandhaus director in 1853. Clara commented in his defense: “What I would have given to pick up and leave here immediately with Robert, but when one has six children it is not so easy.”<sup>58</sup> A genuine conception in October 1853 seemed to push Robert over the brink. He showed more hostility to Clara, who was trying to juggle Robert’s health concerns, teaching, practicing, correspondence, six children and household, along with concerts in Cologne

and Bonn.<sup>59</sup> Clara resorted to “fibbing” in order to protect Robert’s fragile state when she asked Josef von Wasielewski to make it appear the concert in Bonn was his idea, not hers.<sup>60</sup> Pulled in all directions at once and sacrificing, again, the trip to England, among other desires of hers, Clara commented: “My last good years are passing, my strength too. . . I am more discouraged than I can possibly say.”<sup>61</sup>

While Clara was pregnant with Felix, Robert was hospitalized in Endenich after a shocking and scandalous suicide attempt. Clara avoided confronting his condition, perhaps to prevent it from overwhelming her with its resolute reality. Ostwald comments that, similarly to any person closely related to a suicide attempter, Clara probably suffered a crushing wave of guilt.<sup>62</sup> She became very goal-oriented in her need to hold together what seemed to be a rapidly splintering life. She accepted charity from her good friend Paul Mendelssohn, but of course, a dependent existence did not suit Clara. She wrote: “My primary effort must now be to earn whatever Robert’s illness costs,” but her regrettable advanced pregnancy prevented her from playing as much as she would have liked.<sup>63</sup> After Felix’s birth in June, however, Clara tackled a six-month stint of concert-after-concert-after-concert. The playing may have helped her maintain a sense of control and “normalcy” as well as provided a diversion from the fear and pain of her situation. Reich agrees when she points out that the financial books do not show a need for funds as urgent as Clara’s obsession would imply.<sup>64</sup>



At the time of Robert's death in July 1856, the surviving children were dispersed: Marie and Elise were at a boarding school in Leipzig; Julie was in Berlin with Mother Bargiel; Ludwig, Ferdinand, Eugenie, and Felix were at home in Düsseldorf, attended by servants and Johannes Brahms while Clara continued to perform in concert, beginning the arduous journey of providing for her family on her own.<sup>65</sup> Although the children were almost never together nor home with both parents, Reich does point out that this situation varies little from that of children of other contemporary European families in which the mother was a performing artist.<sup>66</sup> Common or not, Reich contends that Clara was not capable of providing her children with the proper emotional support they needed to blossom healthfully.<sup>67</sup>

Eugenie's memoirs provide an intriguing insight into the life of the Schumann children and their famous mother. The second-youngest child has, not surprisingly, conflicting memories and ambiguous attitudes towards her mother. She recounts intimate episodes: her mother giving out chocolates in the piano room; taking evening walks together; time spent in the summer house at Baden-Baden in 1863, described as:

... [the] charmingly idyllic spot [which] represented to us the paradise which united us all—some of us for the whole summer, some at least for the holidays. Here my mother could rest after her exacting winter campaigns; here she belonged to us, lived for us and for our education and training, rejoicing when we made progress during the winter,



and feeling, alas! only too anxious when everything had not gone as it should. Her love, her benevolence, order, industry, and her most faithful sense of duty in things great and small, dominated the household.<sup>68</sup>

She describes Clara as “the perfection of womanhood, of motherhood, and humanity. She was the incarnation of the saying of Goethe: ‘Only from perfect strength shines forth an inner grace.’”<sup>69</sup>

Yet juxtaposed with her “larger than life” vision of her mother, she also recalls seeing Clara cry often and recounts the musician’s “mothering” through the mail, as Clara was often absent for holidays, birthdays, confirmations, weddings, even deaths.<sup>70</sup> Eugenie presents several excerpts from the numerous letters Clara wrote specifically to each child while on tour or traveling. The letters are, like most other issues in Clara’s life, an example of her ambiguities and multiple roles. Clara was always concerned about the well-being of her children, and although she was almost never overly sentimental, she systematically reassured the children that she missed them and hoped to see them again in the future. On Christmas 1863, she wrote, “Think of me [on Christmas Eve]. How I should love to see your enjoyment! How I shall think of you and your brothers and sisters!”<sup>71</sup> “You are all that I am living for,” Clara wrote to her children from Karlsbad, 19 May 1868.

Most often she expressed a rigid attention to details about the work-habits, schooling, and social development of her children. Using a tone short of intimacy, Clara often reassured Eugenie she was growing up to be an “efficient girl.”<sup>72</sup> Whether it is about

handwriting, study of music, or responding to a story one of the children had written her, Clara did not avoid bluntly expressing her thoughts, and her caring sometimes yielded to criticism. For example, she chastised Eugenie for shortcomings in social development such as her reticent behavior towards her friends, teachers, and guardians. Also, her "praise" for Eugenie's musical development seems to be laced with slight disillusionment. Clara wrote, "I am sure you have imagination—perhaps not as much musically as is necessary for a *productive* artist, but enough for a *reproductive* one...."<sup>73</sup> Eugenie justifies Clara's criticality in a somewhat wavering, ambivalent statement: "My mother seemed to me so severe because, undoubtedly, she fixed the highest standards for our industry, sense of duty, regard for the feeling of others, and self-command. Yet since she herself set so great an example, who could have resented her demands?"<sup>74</sup> One gets the feeling the *children*, understandably, resented the demands from the absentee mother until they grew old enough to rationalize it. Justifiable or not, Clara was, intentionally or subconsciously, patterning her behavior after Friederich Wieck, the strongest "father figure" she knew. In order to be father and mother to her children, perhaps she felt compelled to be rougher than the "mother" role alone would predict.

Clara's sacrifices exacted comparable sacrifices from her sons and daughters. Marie Schumann never married and stayed with her mother until Clara's death, acting as "secretary," confidant, and second mother to the Schumann children, subsuming a

multitude of the duties Clara could not have managed on her own.<sup>75</sup> In contrast, Elise Schumann was very independent and left home in 1863 to become a governess; she took care of herself from that point on. Clara resented Elise's action, but this could have been simply Clara's reaction to missing her second-oldest daughter. Julie was always in fragile health and spent most of her life farmed out to Grandmother Bargiel. She was a very affectionate child; Clara seemed to miss her company direly, and vice versa. When Clara heard of Julie's death on 9 November 1872, she proceeded with a scheduled concert that evening, to everyone's surprise. Clara always commented that work is the best diversion from pain.

As closer facsimiles of Robert, the Schumann sons offered Clara little repose. Emil, as it has been explained, died at sixteen months of age from a glandular disease. In my opinion, the impact of the death of the "first" son (and the first death of a child) has been underestimated in most critical texts. In pattern with his father, Ludwig exhibited the most serious problems. Unable to be schooled regularly or keep a job, Ludwig worried his mother and brought back painful memories of her husband's deteriorative passing when this first surviving son was hospitalized in Colditz and thereafter died. Clara wrote in a letter to a Rosalie Leser: "I always told you I had no hope for Ludwig."<sup>76</sup> Ferdinand also had great troubles in his life; after returning from the Franco-Prussian War, he became addicted to morphine which he was taking for his rheumatism. When he died at age forty-two in

1891, Clara assumed financial responsibility for his six children. The life of Felix, the most gifted child, was unfortunately cut short by tuberculosis at age twenty-four. Reich comments that Felix never had Clara's full attention throughout his life.<sup>77</sup> When he once gave Brahms original poems to be set to music, Clara begged Johannes not to publish them under the Schumann name. Some critics claim this was to protect Felix from the onus of the male Schumann legacy; others think it was the other way around—in case Felix should fail and taint the family name.

Although Reich contends that Clara inevitably settled the battles between *woman* and *artist* on the side of *artist*, I found one touching example of the contrary. When Marie needed her mother in Berlin, Clara had to choose between helping her daughter or attending a concert of her late husband's *Genoveva*, which was rarely performed. She decided on Marie. About her choice Clara wrote to Brahms, "I cannot describe to you how difficult it was for me to give this up. The children hardly suspect what a proof of my love I have given them with the renunciation."<sup>78</sup>

*Renunciation.* It is a catch-phrase for Clara Schumann's life. As any working mother will admit, one cannot have it all at the same time—something must give. More often than not, unfortunately, what "gives" is the woman's sense of selfhood. It is highly possible that Clara felt guilty for the choices she made, and it would be consistent with Clara's personality to conclude that no matter how she would have juggled her many responsibilities, she would have felt disquietude. Like other women in this situation,

Clara was always self-conscious of the decisions she was making, and this hyperbolized the haunting sense of sacrifice and discomfort. However, Clara's ability to maintain her composure throughout her long lifetime attests to her pertinacious stamina and explorative sense of self. Faced with the musical canon's high hurdles, her grave personal losses, disruptive social constraints, and the nebulous mystery of gender-role definitions, Clara Schumann searched for her self and emerged from the tangles of reconciliation. In reviewing her life to explicate her art, it is only prudent to remember her many sacrifices, a testament to the bittersweet demands and treasures in the life of the productive woman artist.

#### END NOTES

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3. *Ibid.*, 64.
4. Peter Ostwald, *Schumann: The Inner Voices of a Musical Genius* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1985), 45.
5. Citron, 62.
6. Reich, 38.
7. *Ibid.*, 38.
8. Citron, 54.
9. Ostwald, 113.
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11. Reich, 106.
12. *Ibid.*, 107.
13. *Ibid.*, 110.

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17. Reich, 155.
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21. Reich, 111.
22. Ibid., 172.
23. Ibid., 112.
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30. Reich, 117.
31. Ibid., 117.
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38. Ostwald, 208.
39. Reich, 127.
40. Chissell, 97.
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42. Ostwald, 209.
43. Reich, 127.
44. Ibid., 127.
45. Ostwald, 212.
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52. Eugenie Schumann, *Erinnerung*, trans. Marie Busch (Westport, Conn.: Hyperion Press, 1979), 1.
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57. Reich, 135.
58. Ibid., 136.
59. Ibid., 141.
60. Ostwald, 255.
61. Reich, 140.
62. Ostwald, 277.
63. Ibid., 281.
64. Reich, 149.
65. Ibid., 154.
66. Ibid., 155.
67. Ibid., 154.
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69. Ibid., 92.
70. Ibid., 9.
71. Ibid., 28.
72. Ibid., 44.
73. Ibid., 49.
74. Ibid., 93.
75. Ibid., 14–15; Reich, 158.
76. Reich, 166.
77. Ibid., 172.
78. Ibid., 176.

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## HAD IT BEEN MORNING



*Ed Hellenbeck*

A scream passing through an open window at the edge of town rattles the settled sounds of a night tucked in, the filtering whispers of leaves outside in the breeze interrupted, yielding to the call of a helpless exater protected by sound walls; only the nearby creek persists. Call of crickets resign under full moon, and hill-riding wind halts for a moment following the cry. Slowly, the leaves begin to whisper again, though slightly muffled, offset by the impression of a scream when it was the last thing on the night's mind.

Like his twisted feathers, his many scars, the reliable old owl chose the gnarled, weather-beaten, but solid branch often—it being a companion to the wise alone with the night and the last branch to creak in the heaviest wind. He often came to survey the fields and the clouds before his hunt, to listen to the steady sound of the stream passing through reeds under the bridge, while combing his feathers for the unwanted—whatever they might be.

The owl heard the scream, and his branch creaked with all the others as the scream seeped into the tree's blood, flowing slowly

through the wood. The tree winced, and the old owl turned his head towards the call. He bobbed his way awkwardly down the branch, away from the run cold blood inside; a sloppily precise side-step with head pressed to breast feathers, moving closer to the tree where the branch was thicker, and the scream would not freeze his talons. He looked at the ground, trying to muffle the quiet which had migrated to his head once the whispers tiptoed back into the night. It was the quiet what made the owl wince. The branch winced under the weight of the scream.

When he was young, without need of a sturdy, familiar perch, the owl struck the ground violently while hunting a rabbit. The rabbit, cunning, heard the rustle of feathers overhead but managed only to avoid one claw in the owl's trained strike. The other pushed through her shoulder into the bone, just short her tested heart. The rabbit squealed sharp—she should have known the night—and then fell silent when the owl recovered his senses and engaged his second claw. Before sleep, the rabbit made one sound, a heavy grinding sigh the owl did not hear. Thus is the way with noble creatures.

The owl remembered the squeal the rabbit made with his talons embedded in her breast, and he remembered the sound he had made himself when he nearly missed the rabbit completely, on his branch growing cold. The owl, young with life and confidence then, screamed a frustrated, dissatisfied scream. The scream what creaked his branch on this night merely brought to memory

the rabbit's squeal and his own. That old, cunning rabbit he nearly missed from long ago.

The owl—old, reliable, and wise—abandoned the gnarled, beaten, but solid branch on the tail of a scream.

## TO PURSUE PEGASUS



*Laura Maylene Walter*

Orion sweeps across the sky,  
searching through shadows and shattering stars.  
He sweats the suns, flames his chest to terrify.  
Orion finds his victim full of sparks,  
and colored silver, with wings shimmering  
as they move together, as they part.

Pegasus flashes and Pegasus flies  
while Orion chases at her tail,  
trailing silver breath and silver sighs.  
Pegasus gallops to reach the moon,  
but realizes too soon the closeness  
of Orion, of his greed, his ruin.

Pegasus trips, the milky way curves round her hooves  
to trap and cling in a star-stuck hold.  
Orion winks down at her. She flinches. She moves.  
He winks at her with his lusty lure  
until she faces him and all the stars,  
until she shines and shakes, and shakes no more.

## TREE SHAKING



*Laura Maylene Walter*

Last year my mother's cancer fell asleep  
and hid away in bones and breath and skin,  
only to wake again this fall, to leap  
against her veins and spread as rain begins.

And I in my elm climb so high to see  
this place of dark and hidden dance, where leaves  
and shadows jump, not at her, but at me.  
These sad green trees lie down to weep, to grieve.

But in the dark the leaves can part. This year  
of shivering branches will end in dreams:  
the trees are slowly shaking Mother clear  
of cancer that rises away in screams.

This modest forest full of trees has caught  
my mother in its shade and shadowed thought.

## ODE TO ANSEL ADAMS



*Laura Maylene Walter*

Here is a man who stands for art  
on mountaintops, snowbanks,  
the bases of grey, twisting trees.  
He is an image chaser, a lover of light,  
a man who muscles cloud into shadow.

He crosses dry Californian landscapes  
blooming with dry Californian trees,  
gnarled and looming over his shoulders.  
He is a man with passion and patience enough  
to sit in colorless lands moon after moon,  
to examine shade, and shade, and shade.

Through the rush of trees and time  
is the sun moving in a black and white sky,  
his eye moving in his head,  
film moving in the camera.

On his back: piles, packs  
of paper shining with all the colors  
he lost, all the colors he found.

Here is one small man who runs to the moon  
and shoots it until it is blinking and blind.  
He is left with rolls of slippery sleek film  
that unravel and slide across landscapes.  
This man's hands drip with chemicals, sour and ripe  
enough to pull shadows into glossy moments,  
free of gravity and flying.

## DRUMFISHES: A FAMILY PORTRAIT



*Theresa Louise Vance*

With nothing before me apart from my pencils and paint brushes, I can only begin to understand my specimens. Yet the addition of my dissecting kit, coupled with intense visual examination, allows my understanding of the subject to heighten. As a conservative artist, I have been inspired by great talents such as Leonardo da Vinci and Albrecht Dürer, who have demonstrated that recreating specimens from the inside out—integrating science and art—can result in works that demonstrate a unique function of image.

Although I began to pursue my artistic talents at a very early age, my interest in science expanded quickly during middle school. As subtle improvements in my artwork became conscious, I began to create my personal blend of art and science by using my experiences in one to aid my understanding of the other. This is illustrated in my senior obligation at Washington College.

The presentation before you illustrates my independent biological experiment entitled “A comparative study of sonic muscle innervation patterns of three Sciaenids: spot, croaker, and weak-fish.” Like many other teleostan fishes, members of the family



*Sciaenidae* produce sounds via specialized sonic muscles associated with the swim bladder. The sounds, created by sonic muscle contraction, have been associated with antagonistic behavior, warning calls, and courtship rituals. While the sonic muscles of most teleosts are innervated by paired occipital nerves, innervation in Sciaenids proceeds via true spinal nerves. Excluding the Atlantic croaker, all Sciaenids are sexually dimorphic, meaning that only males possess sonic muscles.

When I began illustrating my experiment, my goal was very concrete. I wanted my artwork to aid my comprehension of the differing anatomies between species. In the beginning stages of experimentation, I decided to focus on illustrating the external anatomy of each fish. I chose to use pastels (with some charcoal) for the majority of my pieces to capture as much realism as possible in my drawings. I have found that pastels allow me to have more control over the small details of images. When these pieces were finished, I had completed most of the dissections and felt comfortable with the morphometric parameters of each fish. It was at this point that I began to map out the fishes' internal anatomies. For my last piece, I wanted to use the aesthetic properties of the fish in a more ideal, illustrative setting. As I have always found mosaics fascinating, I decided to tackle something new: glass as a medium.

At this point in my life, my current understanding of life and science as an artist allows me to step back and analyze the layers of medium that I present to you today. Through your responses,

which invariably contribute to my awareness of differing artistic opinions, I can reach beyond my own notions. Yet I will always seek what I cannot see on the surface, for that is what is most important in my pursuit of some perfection as an artist, as a scientist, and as an individual.



Theresa L. Vance, *Spot* (*Leiostomus xanthurus*), pastel on paper, 16" x 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

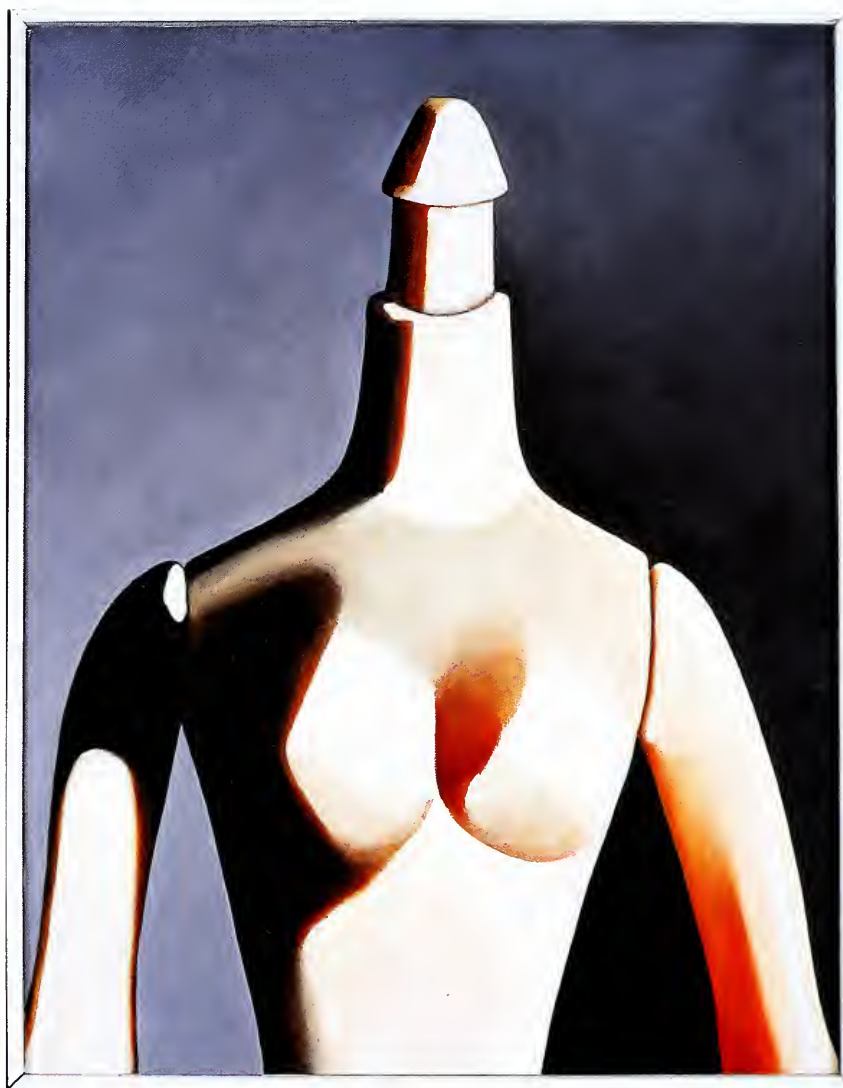
The spot, a deep-bodied bottom feeder with an inferior mouth and barbels, can be imagined as a croaker that has been compressed from head to tail and stretched from top to bottom. This piece was designed to accentuate the deep-body type of the species. The circular section of the mat, as well as the surreal circular water spots, were designed to act as visual indicators of the body type, and therefore, the feeding habits and habitat of the fish.



Anne Chan, *Nurturance*, pastel on paper, 18" x 18"



Anne Chan, *Self-Portrait*, b&w photo, 5" x 6"



Megan Wolff, *Joytime 81*, oil on canvas, 18" x 24"



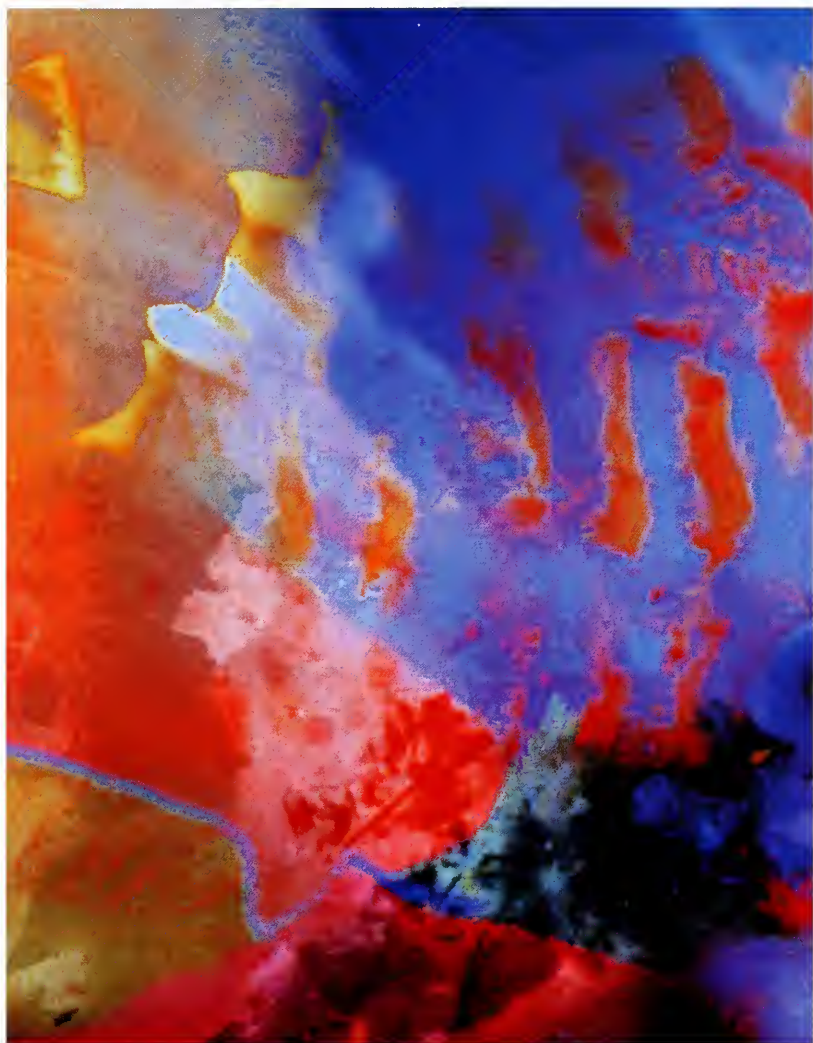


Matthew Arkins, *Snowy Owl*, pastel on paper, 16" x 16"



Susan Baker, *Portrait of Susan Argo*, oil on canvas, 11" x 14"





Jennifer Lubkin, *Taking Leave of Ecuador*, computer graphic



Frans Snyder, *The Larder*, oil on canvas, 80  $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 132  $\frac{7}{8}$ "

## VIRTUOSO VIVACITY AND AMBIGUOUS ALLEGORY IN FRANS SNYDERS' *THE LARDER*



Jolene Lehr

Frans Snyder's (1579–1657) *The Larder*, not unlike his other still life and game paintings, immediately captures the viewer's attention with its virtuoso charm. Twelve years in the making, the over 6'x11' work, alternatively titled *The Game Stall*, is a very deliberate, well-conceived, and dense scene of a seventeenth-century Flemish meat market stall, complete with dead swan, deer, boar, birds, hunting dogs, vegetables, fruit, and a butcher in an exchange with a woman. Its grandiose, figure-packed presentation evokes a gripping visceral reaction; even when the eye lights upon something grotesque or discomfiting in the piece, such as the boar's split gut directly mid-field at eye level, the compulsion is to keep looking to explore its emotional realism. Although the scene is static (most of the subjects are dead game), the presentation offers the observer the snapshot opportunity to see the inexhaustible details the artist has so exquisitely executed. Snyder's painting breathes with rich detail in its depiction of animals and Rubenesque people—even the sky is a realistic, swirling blend of blues, grays, and greens. Both the butcher and the woman exhibit particular naturalistic features; although arguably she is

more idealized than he, it seems Snyder remained relatively true to the individualistic features of the models sitting for both characters. Snyders' thin brushstrokes and impasto do not betray the artificiality of the painting, and blends of creamy colors achieve a soft, fleshy palpability. His remarkable renderings of feathers, fur, wet substances, and leather drew the attention of other artists such as Rubens and Jordeans.<sup>1</sup> Frontal light casts realistic shadows within the field which highlight the fleshy contours of the figures, both human and animal.

As evidence of Snyders' self-conscious technique, the game table is tilted forward to offer the viewer a clearer vision of his talent, but his technique is incongruously obvious because he was not consistent, as evidenced by the more realistically angled table on the right. In addition, the game would not actually stay perched half-falling off the table as it is painted, but, again, this was apparently Snyders' technique to tout his unrivaled talent in the rendering of animals. This also extends the action outward, inducing panic that the slaughtered boar might fall upon the viewer closely inspecting the work. Perhaps because it took so long to complete, some of the painting's proportions are also disjointed, including that of the deer, which disappears underneath the boar without indication of its obscured mass. In Snyders' support, however, making all the elements cohere with in the work must have been difficult, especially since its twelve-year work span prevented him from keeping a permanent posed arrangement. Otherwise, every few weeks or so for twelve years he would have had to replace rotting fruit and corpses.



Although most of the action is contained within the frame, it does indicate a continuation beyond the viewer's perspective, which grants the painting a sense of realism. The end of every object leads into another object, and the viewer's eye travels continuously around the canvas seeing new things. One may start at the butcher's head, follow his arm down to the pheasant, easily travel to the dog, across her puppies, to the table of game and baskets of fruit with vegetables on the other side of the expansive canvas. Echoes in technique and arrangement give the work this good eye flow, solidarity, and harmony. "Natural" colors resonate to give the painting an earthy wash, for example the gold hue in bowls, fruit, game fur, and human skin tones. Furthermore, similar objects are arranged in couples, (e.g., two people, two dogs, two rabbits, two cocks, two living gray birds and two dead ones). Likewise, gestures repetitiously stretch out and to the left: arms, paws, dead necks and heads, bird wings and feet all droop and point to the left.

Snyders' arrangement speaks to the typical purpose of the still-life, which came into its own in seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch paintings.<sup>2</sup> Still-life scenes, involving food and/or human interaction with such victuals, often disclose a hidden allegory by using systems of symbols, which I define with the help of Hall's *Dictionary of Subjects and Symbols in Art*.<sup>3</sup> The most popular paradigms are the secular *vanitas* allegory, which emphasizes the ephemeral transience of mundane things and the inevitability of death and decay, and the Christian allegory de-

picting the religious cycle of life by referring to the Passion and Resurrection: life, death, rebirth. Most allegorical interpretations focus on issues of "abundance" showing the preconditions for man's well-being (291). Because Snyders' *The Larder* is not overtly prescriptive in its approach and many of its subjects symbolize both extremes of a polarity, the painting could be interpreted on several conflicting levels, including both secular and religious meanings. On one level, the scene could be an allegory for the seasons, on another for the five human senses, and on a higher level for both secular and religious virtues—particularly chastity and prudence—in domestic marriage and Christian vows, respectively. However, this juxtaposition of symbols could create the painting's most integral meaning: black and white, wrong and right, religious and secular existing together to facilitate a harmonious whole through their eternal tensions.

Speciously, *The Larder* may be an allegory for the four seasons, a logical connection harbored between tangible nature depicted on the canvas and her intangible, but socially and mythically pertinent, cycles. The numerous birds in the scene could allude to spring (48), the display of fruit might evoke summer (134), and the grapes and vines could gesture to autumn (142, 322). However, a symbol for winter, as far as I am aware, is not easily discernible in the painting, a fact which undermines this reading of the symbolism.

Potentially more developed is the allegory of the five human senses in conjunction with some of the four balanced earthly hu-

mors/human temperaments. The artist invokes the senses through the matter and medium of his painting alone, tempting the viewer to construct a seductive reality out of his virtuoso renderings. Similarly, as individual brush strokes coalesce to form a cohesive, convincing whole, the human and earthly temperaments reside balanced within the painting. The dogs in the lower right field could stand for *smell* as well as *melancholy* (105). The copious birds could refer to the sense of *touch* or the element of *air* (48). *Hearing* is alluded to with the hart in center field on the stall table (289), *sight* with the eagle (or falcon) hanging on the hooks in the back left-field (110), and *taste* comprised of the various fruits and vegetables adorning the scene (134). However, this reading, as with the seasonal allegory, does not seem to be complete or forcefully rendered.

Moreover, the most comprehensive allegorical reading must take into account the activity of the humans in the scene. Because the relationship between the man and woman is enigmatic and demands deciphering, it seems to be more integral than simple adornment of the peripheral scene. They might be two servants of the household which owns the larder, it might be a wench purchasing game from the butcher to please her master's exotic tastes, or the interaction could go much deeper. What exactly is the nature of the engagement between them? Although he seems to be beseechingly addressing her—getting her attention by slipping a hand around her outstretched arm—her body is twisted partly away from him and her gaze is averted from his. Is she

open to his appeal? What *is* his appeal? Is it business-like, honest, admonishing, or propositioning? Clear answers to these questions would seem to unlock the mystery behind the allegory, but, conversely, the allegory itself would clarify the relationship between the humans and establish the message the painter wishes to convey to a voyeuristic audience.

One of the strongest stylistic echoes in the work is between the human couple and the dogs at the bottom right field. Her arms almost exactly match the gesture of the bitch's paws—which curve protectively around her puppies and her chunk of bread, as the woman's fingers light upon the peacock's feathers—and the darker-skinned butcher's advances mimic those of the black dog. Perhaps the animals involved in the scene, such as the dogs and the two gray birds perched on the colander, are parodying the human interaction. Taking a closer look at the symbolism involved in the fauna may elucidate whether the woman should be shunning the man as the bitch bears her fangs to her opposer, or if she should welcome the male gaze.

In addition to the interpretations already mentioned, the image of the dog often accompanies classical hunters, such as Diana, just as Snyders' dogs accompany the gameman and woman. In this capacity, the dog can also stand for fidelity, especially in marriage—as in Jan van Eyck's *Arnolfini Wedding* (1434)—and faithfulness (105), as is evident in how the bitch is ardently protecting her puppies. However, on the other end of the spectrum, one could also observe that she seems to be more selfishly pro-



tective over her own meal than over her unweaned puppies, which are scattered haphazardly around her. With this in mind the dog can also stand for envy, or coventry (105), a version of a cardinal sin. But again, since she is protecting bread, a symbol of the Christian Eucharist (291), she could contrastingly exemplify fidelity to the faith. Three layers of alternating symbolical themes arise: classical evocations, a promotion of secular domestic virtues, and also a support of Christian imagery and warnings against religious sin. This triple pattern carries through to other elements in the painting.

The swan, one of the most dramatically rendered animals in the scene, draws attention to itself by mirroring the woman's gesture and thereby visually balancing the field. According to Hall, the swan is a symbol of both sacred and profane love developed primarily in fifteenth-century Florentine art. The gorgeous bird is associated classically with Venus (whose chariot was drawn by two swans) and therefore with her maidens of chastity, love, and fertility. Because the swan supposedly served as a resurrective receptacle for deceased poets' souls, loved music, and uttered a beautiful death song, it was also associated with Apollo and the muses (294). The classical Greek story of Leda and the Swan puts *The Larder* woman's pose in intriguing relief. Leda, wife of King Tyndareus of Sparta, fell in love with Jupiter, was visited by him in the form of a swan, and produced two eggs from the encounter which resulted in four offspring, two of whom were Helen of Troy and Clytemnestra. In classical images, Leda outstretches her arms to the swan, but chastely

half-turns her head away. More popularly in the seventeenth-century Flemish tradition, the swan was used in the depiction of the quip made by the Roman comic dramatist Terence, "Love grows cold without the stimulus of wine and feasting (294)," a thesis which might have greater implications in *The Larder*. Its prudent observance of abundance, love, faith, virtue, and chastity speaks to both secular and religious credos.

In general, birds may signify the human soul or a mundane cycle of human life, as well as a more Christian reference to the Resurrection. Birds tied to a string (as in the lower left field of *The Larder*) may be associated with the Virgin Mary or the infant Christ (48). The rooster (if it is indeed among the birds here, which are difficult to identify) alludes to Peter and his denial and repentance, as well as to mundane lust personified (72). The crow is a glossing symbol of hope (79), and the eagle is secular pride as well as an apocalyptic beast foretelling the Ascension (110). But most obvious, as it is extended over three-quarters of the work's central-field, is the peacock, who is joined visually with the woman as she reaches toward it. Secularly, the peacock is a symbol of pride, which is in conflict with the Christian concept of humble immortality that it also signifies (238). Is the woman pining for Christian virtue but being distracted by the earthly man, or is his attention saving her from some other secular trespass?

Next to the swan, the boar strikes high contrast in its bloody, broken condition. In classical mythology, the terrible Erymanthian boar was captured by Hercules (49), who might be a parallel to

Snyders' butcher. Typically, the boar is lust (usually male) personified, sometimes shown trodden underfoot by victorious Chastity (49). Aversions to lust and advocacy of chastity are both mundane and religious themes—as is prudence evoked by the hart (289),—as well as the rabbit's thematic duality as a symbol of both fecundity and the chastity of loving couples (and Venus) versus its alternative interpretation as an emblem of derogatory lust and overabundance (257).

The fruit and vegetables in the picture also strike concordant chords of secular and religious allegory, although they more often indicate alternative warnings against sin and messages of celebration of the faith. The bread and grapes may refer to the Eucharist (291, 142), the apple evokes the Fall of Man (30), the peach truth of heart and tongue (238). Overall, a collection of fruits and vegetables celebrates abundance and charity, while it may also signify gluttony (134). Similarly, flora still on the vine or the vine itself may refer to the faith, the Eucharist, or to sins of gluttony (322). Baskets may represent the charity of Christ and his disciples (41), and the blood stains hearken to the Eucharist, Christian eternalism, man's redemption, or more secular *vanitas* (49).

Depending on the symbolic structure used to interpret the scene, the man could be associated with Hercules, Apollo or Adam, and the woman with Leda, Venus, Diana, or Eve. She is arrested between a world which may indicate religious or secular chastity and virtue and another of sinful temptation. Snyders might be leaving the interpretation open, strategically allowing

an importation of meanings conducive to individual tastes. Swan or boar? Apples or grapes? Classical or contemporary? Christian or mundane? Virtuoso entertainment or weighty lesson? The symbolic palette is ready for the choosing.

#### END NOTES

1. "Frans Snyder," *The Concise Columbia Electronic Encyclopedia*, 3rd ed., 1994, <<http://www.encyclopedia.com/articles/12026.html>> (28 November 1999).  
"Frans Snyder," *Funk & Wagnalls Multimedia Encyclopedia*, 2000, <<http://www.fwkc.com/encyclopedia/low/articles/12026.html>> (28 November 1999).
2. James Hall, *Dictionary of Subjects and Symbols in Art*. (New York: Harper and Row, 1974), 291.
3. All further parenthetical references refer to page numbers of entries in this dictionary.

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## GRAMMY DEPARTING



*Jolene Lehr*

I'm five, proud of my new lunchpail,  
and Grammy, bound in blue veins,  
asks me if I know what it's like,  
her fuzzy upper lip crinkling,  
to lose your train of thought—  
I blow spit bubbles—  
and it's just about to come back?  
I tug at her matted felt slipper. She says  
Old is that feeling all the time;  
If I lie down in the grass  
and put my ear to the blades  
I can feel the train coming, she says.  
Grammy was crazy,  
no rails in our neighborhood.  
I jiggle the handle to my new lunchpail  
and leave her, slouched under patched afghan,  
like a chrysalis sack of post-mail  
sagging from an old-time rail-side hook.

## SPILLING LIGHT



*Katherine Wilwol*

I don't think these days should be broken so;  
these multicolored shards  
could not be strung together by weeks  
or months to make a life.

True, those that horde sunlight  
are brilliant—as girls in dresses  
with their smooth legs bending  
to the weight of a beat from the corner speakers.

Sometimes the reflection of happiness bends  
like a couple, curved together in a silver night.  
Slowly, as his fingers through her hair,  
night closes into sleep.

These days move in frames  
and flashes of gold and green and glances,  
coming and going as fragile and fading  
as a sigh.

Still, there are days in between  
darkened, as to make one's life flicker  
as silent and sad as an old movie.  
Alone, these days hold hope suspended,  
frozen in midnight air.  
They dissolve into spilling sky,  
          scattering shadowed light.

A life is simply a complex  
whirlpool of light and dark.  
Swirled and strung together,  
it grows closer and farther apart  
as deep breathing, and stretches as tears  
from cheek to chin  
          to arm-wrist-hand.

## A SHATTERING OF AUSTERITY



*Katherine Wilwol*

How the sun and moon  
change places  
so that a crescent yellow  
ricochets the shatterings of stars,  
and the moon stirs  
the thick blue.  
And how these windows look East  
with austerity and presumption  
over a broken earth  
rushing in all directions,  
wrapping around forests of houses  
and the distant Ridley Creek  
that gives the appearance of changing  
by exposing, or covering  
spectacular structures of mounds  
of rocks. One can stir the sun into moon  
to pull words from this water.  
Its voice increases, decreases,  
Everything it says  
remains.



## HELEN



*John Verbos*

Someone was in the room. There was no doubt in Reginald Dixon's mind that if he were to sit up and look behind him, he would see someone sitting on the far end of the couch. Maybe it was the girl that he'd seen around the building. She was always smoking a cigarette. He sniffed the air. No smoke. Two courses of action possible here, he thought: I can sit up and turn around, or I can keep my eyes shut and stay here. If she is there and I stay where I am, she may leave. If she's not there and I do sit up and look, then I'll be disappointed. Those are the losing options, the worst case scenarios. If she's not there, I should stay here. If she is, then I should move.

...But that left him exactly where he had started. It was getting hotter in the room, the sun spraying in. The heat could be slept through. Unless there was company; then it would be rude.

There was a noise.

The bedsheets twisted up and around with him. He lost his balance as he turned toward the couch, but he saw that it was empty before the crooked grip of the sheets put him face down on the pillow again. Everything was sweaty.

He unrolled himself, very slowly, from the covers. One leg

and then the other came out. Eventually he had himself in a half-seated position on top of his bed, with the sweaty, still-tangled sheets off to his left. Elbows on knees and hands in eyes. He rubbed the dried mucus from the corners of his eyes with the palms of his hands. Then he used his fingernails.

Eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning. No work today, no work until Monday. He let his upper half go horizontal. He put his hands behind his head.

The night before had been reasonably tolerable—exceptional, actually. It was drizzling a little when he went out for a walk, enough moisture to snap the humidity for a while. He found Carl at the bar, shooting pool. They drank and talked about work, occasionally playing a game of nine ball. When he walked home, padding along the concrete sidewalk with all its cracks and buckles, he thought about how Carl never seemed surprised by anything, as if he had received a script of the conversation prior to its occurrence. You could tell him that your mother had just died and he'd nod, rub his chin, and then ask you how you felt about this. Like a psychiatrist, Reginald thought. The school counselor in high school did that too. Just sat there in his chair, with Reginald up against a wall on the couch alone, space spreading out in front. Him and an empty wall and an open window to Reginald's right. Green and blue outside. White walls, tweed couch beneath me, and this guy sitting in his chair rubbing his chin and nodding, his legs crossed and white socks between his pant leg and shoe top.

"What did I tell him about?" Dixon asked aloud.

He was looking at his shoes and mumbling to himself when he got to the house on the hill. His house, or at least partially. He looked up to climb the stairs and saw feet and jeans.

“Are you talking to me?” she said.

It took a second for everything to come into focus. When it did, his brain seized up. Black tank top, jeans, bare feet, light behind her. This was the girl. He had seen her around before and somehow knew where she was from but hadn’t ever spoken to her. There was no avoiding it now—not that he really wanted to avoid talking to her, but had he a choice of circumstances this would not have been the first. Not drunk and talking to himself half out loud in the rain. It’s windy, he thought, and looked around to verify it. The trees were whipping back and forth, bent by the wind and rain. He looked back at her and she wasn’t alone all of a sudden. Dixon wondered where this guy came from, this skinny little guy with black jeans and those ridiculous black-framed glasses and a mop of wet, bleached hair. This was not a good situation, he thought. Especially for a first impression.

“Were you talking to me?”

His neurons had deserted him. He looked at the trees again, then back at her. He wiped the rain from his face and said very slowly, “No...I must’ve been talking to myself. Out loud.” He thought for a moment and then added, “I do that sometimes.”

The guy smiled and put his arm around the girl. She just nodded and flicked her cigarette onto the sidewalk. Dixon watched it land in a puddle and go out with a hiss.

He could feel the guy looking down at him, staring at him. Dixon peeked up and then immediately tried to find something to watch on the concrete where the rain was bouncing, splattering, and settling for the next drop. He had it wrong. The guy was looking off to his right, the girl was staring at Dixon.

“Do you want a cigarette?”

Dixon looked up to see her waving a red box at him and the man in black retreating to the far right corner of the porch. Dixon followed him with his eyes. Must be something interesting over there, he thought.

“Uh, no, thanks.” Dixon put his hands in his pockets and slouched up the stairs until he was between the two of them. He looked at her and she looked at the man in the corner who was still staring at whatever he had been staring at. Dixon looked at him and then back to her. She shrugged.

“I’m Helen, by the way.”

“Reggie. But everybody calls me Dixon.” He couldn’t remember why. “Do you live here?”

“Sometimes.” She lit another cigarette and tossed the pack off the stairs. Dixon had to try to keep himself from retrieving it and putting it in the trash.

“I mean I’ve seen you around the building and I thought...”

She raised her eyebrows and exhaled a cloud of smoke in Dixon’s direction.

“What I mean is that I’ve seen you before and I didn’t know you and I thought maybe you lived here but then I couldn’t figure

out where you would be living, where in the building that is, I thought I knew everybody but maybe not..."

Her eyebrows were still arched. Maybe that's how they always are, Dixon thought to himself, or maybe she thinks I'm stalking her.

There was some snorting laughter from the corner. Dixon turned to look.

"That's Felix." She pointed.

Dixon nodded.

Felix walked over to the door and opened it. It made a sucking sound.

Everyone waited.

Helen looked at Dixon for a moment, then looked at Felix, got up, turned, and walked toward the door.

"Goodnight," Dixon said. "It was nice, uh, meeting you."

She looked back from the door frame and smiled at the rain-soaked form that was standing on the porch. The door banged shut, and he was left alone with his canvas shoes.

When he was sure that they had gone, when he couldn't hear footsteps anymore, he sat down, sighed, and shrugged.

"Well, shit," he said quietly. "I'm drunk, wet, and lonely. And she's got a boyfriend. Fuck. But she smiled...that's a good thing, right? But I don't like looking up and seeing somebody watch me stumble around while having a conversation with no one. That isn't the kind of thing that makes you look good." He turned toward the door where she wasn't anymore. "I'm really an okay

guy...really. I just talk to myself sometimes; that doesn't mean anything. Who was that guy you were with anyway? I looked like that in middle school and high school, and all anyone ever did was call me a fag or sweetie and push me into the lockers. Now it's cool?"

Dixon stopped and looked around to see if there was anyone else that could be listening. It was difficult to see. The streetlights weren't very bright and the moon was behind the clouds. No one around. It's a lesson to be learned, he thought to himself, and then he repeated it aloud, gesturing, slicing the air in front of his nose.

He caught his movements in his short shadow on the ground and immediately shoved his hands into his pants pockets. "Ridiculous." Another shrug and sigh.

She reminded him of another one—a hyperactive girl with an attention disorder. He would call to remind her of dress rehearsals at first. Then told her that he liked her. Dead silence on the phone. Sweat leaking from under his arms and trickling down his side. Cold.

She finally said, "I don't really know you, do I?"

He froze in his bedroom with the blue curtains and then commenced pacing back and forth. "Well, I guess we could get to know each other, right?" Why did he waste his time? Conceivably she wasn't even listening. She could've been watching TV or playing with her gum, twisting it around her thumb, making a little spiral: around and around and around.

"Maybe we could hang out, I guess," she said.

The sweat jumped to his feet and hands. "How about—" Too excited, his voice cracked. He had to repeat himself after clearing his throat: "How about we do something after rehearsal tomorrow?"

She said she needed a ride home and that was enough—half an hour out of his way down some cramped back road from which he could never return on the first try.

On the porch, he laughed briefly and stopped abruptly.

She never seemed to be paying attention but let him kiss her when he tried and later, when the weather warmed, let him lay her back on her bedroom floor and hit her head on an overturned lamp with each thrust. Sorry. Over and again. Everything was his fault. Pain, flat tires, lies. Sorry. He told her that he loved her, and she said that that was nice. Sorry. Very sorry.

The rain tapered off and the wind died but the streetlights stayed on, reflecting off the puddles in the potholes. One more sigh and he looked at the sky trying to find the moon for all the clouds.

A noise. Door hinges?

Opening his eyes, he found that it was day and he was looking at the ceiling. Bed, Saturday morning, right.

Dixon looked around the room. There was something on the rug, a piece of bark it looked like. He put his glasses on. It was a cricket. It stopped chirping when he got up. He went to the desk and grabbed a mug.

Scooping the cricket into the mug proved more complicated than he anticipated. The cricket didn't want to get in the mug. It hopped around the room while Dixon took diving swings.

He stopped. "Okay. New plan. Are you listening to me?"

The cricket waited.

"Let's make a deal. I'm going to open the door and you're going to leave. Got it? Nobody gets hurt and everybody wins. Are you laughing at me? I will *kill* you. So is it a deal, or what?"

He moved to the door, opened it, and turned to look back toward the cricket. It sat there. The door started to slowly creak shut. He lunged back and grabbed it with his free hand. I need something, he thought. A book. I need a heavy book.

He shut the door again, keeping one eye on the cricket, who seemed to be looking back at him. Dixon walked to the bookcase and selected *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* off the shelf. The other books toppled over, their ballast removed. They fell with a dull plop.

He returned to the door, propped it open, and proceeded to wave his arms as though he were landing a jet. The cricket hopped toward him. A foot from the door, it stopped. Dixon moved to the other side, behind the cricket, and made pushing motions. The cricket sprang once more toward the door and then changed course and headed for the corner of the room to the right. Dixon lunged with his mug, lost his balance, and went down on one knee. The cricket leapt again towards the corner. Dixon swung again from his knee and missed the cricket by a foot or more. It



found a hole in the baseboard and climbed through.

“Well, fine. Just don’t come back.” Dixon stood up, dusted his knees off, and grabbed the Shakespeare book from in front of the door, letting it close. He could feel the push of the air as he watched the door fall away from him. It clapped shut. Dixon turned to the interior of the room, book under one arm, mug in the other hand.

He tossed the mug toward the desk and it fell short, bouncing twice on the floor before settling.

My mother dug that mug up for me when I left for college, he thought. I still have it now, even after graduating. I’ve had it since I was little, since before I could pick it up myself. She cried when I left; she stood there, leaned up against the rented van, and cried. My father shook my hand and nodded. I gulped hard and looked at my mother and he relented his grip on my fingers. She blew her nose and gave me a letter. It said “don’t forget to wear a coat” at one point, and in the next sentence, she told me to walk in the rain. I did both.

Dixon put the book back on its shelf, propping the others against it again. That book, he thought, on the other hand, was given to me for...what was it?...“for Outstanding Intellectual Promise” or something. High school. Only award I got.

He walked over, picked up the mug and set it on the desk. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed, smoothing the sheets with his hands. “I really should put on some pants,” he said. “Get some food.”

He went to his closet, scratching his head. That school, he

thought, was hell. There was no end to the abuse, and all I got was a book and a diploma. Why did I get singled out? Why'd they think I was gay? All boy's school. This little weasel looking guy started it in study hall. Poked me in the back with a pencil. I turned around.

"Hey you're new here, aren't you? Are you gay?" Total chaos. Laughter and blushing.

Dixon shook his head as he took a shirt from its hanger, fed his arms through the sleeves, buttoned it, pulled on a pair of pants, and went into the bathroom. He stood there on the white tiles under the yellow light for a moment and then grabbed his toothbrush, nearly upsetting the coffee cup in which it sat. Dark circles under the eyes, yellow skin. Just the light.

James at Safeway was a junkie and looked like this, Dixon thought. No one's going to think I'm a junkie, though. It's just the light. James was never there when all the squalling children and their yuppie parents were, with black under the eyes worse than James or me. They looked like zombies lined up to the back of the store.

"My ice cream melted because of these lines. Isn't there anything you can do to speed this up?"

Actually they looked like birds, he thought, chicks in a nest, veins bulging on their necks when it's feeding time. Mostly mouth, no eyes hardly, just little, pink, defenseless mouths, with no eyes and no working limbs. But Ford Explorers. Eddie Bauer edition. What the fuck does that mean?

“I don’t know, man,” James said, the two of us outside on break, “You want me to ask?” He was already on his feet, wiping his hands on his jeans and then his mouth with his wrist. I looked and saw the tracks on his arm for once—he had his sleeves rolled up because of the heat—and I pointed out that they’d fire him if they ever saw those.

“I don’t belong here,” said one of our voices, either of our voices.

Teeth brushed, Dixon rubbed his eyes again and put in his contact lenses. He stared into his own eyes, his face inches from the mirror. He messed with his hair, trying to make it do something, anything. “I give up.” Sigh.

He walked down the stairs, one step at a time, his hand in his right pants pocket. Did I remember my keys, he asked himself. Yes, there, leftover from last night. I wish there was an elevator. At the bottom the door was swollen. Push. He grunted, putting his shoulder into it. Down the porch, slowly. He was in the public eye now, he had to keep things inside.

He paused at the sidewalk, evaluating his eating options.

There was a thunderous crash behind him. A trash can rolled out into the street off to his left, and Dixon turned in that direction, one eyebrow raised.

Felix was there, sprawled between the remaining cans, garbage spilled out from them and onto him.

“Hey,” he said from the ground. He pushed his sunglasses up on his forehead. “Hey, you. Do you have your keys?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The PostModern author was at work in his apartment, slamming things around the room with considerable vigor. The lamp went first, into bits on the floor, its cord strung out behind it like a brown, dislodged intestine. He contemplated this and then decided that the fan had to go next and that he should use the answering machine as the implement of destruction.

Plastic shattering, wires bending. His glasses were fogging up, so he stopped, slumped on the couch, and wiped the lenses with his shirt. It's a pity, he thought, that I don't have more things to smash. There's some subtle connection between smashing things and writing well.

There was a banging at the window. The rain had streaked it, making seeing out impossible.

He flung himself up from the couch and stared at the blurry panes. "Who are you, and why are you here now, when I'm working. Working! See?" He held up the remains of the lamp in his left hand, kicked the fan out of his way with his right foot, and moved to the window. Felix set the lamp down, pushed the window up a few inches, and peered through the slit. "Oh, sorry about that. I didn't know it was you. The rain and all, it makes seeing outside very impressionistic."

"I'm soaked. Open the door."

"I thought I gave you a key." He had backed away from the window, looking for his cigarettes. He found them and lit one. "Didn't I give you a key?"

"Just open the fucking door, Felix."

"Please?"

"Fine, I'm going home."

Window up, head out. "Nonononono." The rain attacked his face.

"What?" She turned in her tracks, mud on her feet. "I'm going home. I can't deal with you when you're acting like this." She stayed though, waiting. A litmus test.

The rain had gotten to his cigarette now, making it nearly impossible for him to suck at it. He was stalling, making a face, trying to inhale. He had his cheeks between his teeth, taking a drag. He thought she would think it was cute.

"Look, Felix, it's raining. I'm wet. Unless you've got something to say..." she gestured in the direction of her home. "An apology, maybe?"

"I'm sorry."

"What for? Do you even know why I'm angry?" She walked the ten steps back to the window. She clamped her hands on her hips and shifted all of her weight onto one leg, bulging that side of her body.

He laughed. "You look like my mom." His cigarette went flying in the next instant, just as he reached up to flick the ash from

it. She slapped most of the rainwater off his face too. His mouth went into an O and his eyebrows nearly crossed.

She was crying, or so it seemed to him. She attempted to smooth out her dress. "You bastard. I don't have to take this. Especially from you."

"You're right," he said. He closed the window and resisted the urge to put his fist through it.

Helen stood there for a moment, deciding. She turned on her heel, took two steps, turned back, and stared at the window. He was gone. She tried to turn again and leave but couldn't: her shoes had stuck in the mud. She looked up and sighed, putting her arms out at her sides and letting them drop. Rainwater smacked off her thighs when her hands hit. She leaned over, unbuckled her shoes, and stepped out, letting her feet suck in. Bent over, she yanked and grunted at the shoes' straps. Patent leather. The mud yielded its hold. The tears came now. She hurled a shoe at the window. It clunked off the building and fell to earth with a squish. "And your writing sucks, too."

That brought him back. He waved a spatula at her.

She flipped him off and started back toward the sidewalk, between the cars in the gravel parking lot. She cursed when her purse caught itself on the rearview mirror of a Ford Tempo. The car took a severe beating from the other shoe.

She heard the window open again and then slam shut, the glass rattling in its wooden frame, as she stepped up onto the

sidewalk and turned the corner towards home. When the rain started picking up a block or two farther along, she stopped under the awning of a closed gas station. The Pepsi machine hummed and glowed next to her. It was quieter there. She lit a cigarette, the second to last one in her pack, and ran the fingers of her free hand through her hair.

He isn't all that great, she thought. An artist, sure, but who's to say that he really is an artist. Maybe that's just the way he seemed and everybody bought it and sold it to him or something. And what is my thing with "artists" (she made the punctuation with her hands and then wiped a strand of hair from her forehead) anyway? They're all weird and temperamental and violent. And self-absorbed, too. Or maybe just the ones I've been with. I sure know how to pick 'em though. What I need is someone normal, who won't break things or drink so much or be such an asshole. Normal. No such thing. There aren't any normal people. I'm pretty much normal, no tragedies in my life to fuck me up, no serious hang up—except artists—and I think that's pretty acceptable. But here I am, on a Friday night, in the rain, at a gas station, a closed gas station, without any shoes or smokes or anything. I'm wet and I'm here and that's it. Weird. Not normal. I do have one shoe. Why? Fuck it, I don't need it.

The shoe was tossed toward the street, and it skipped off the sidewalk and into the gutter. The cigarette went too, dropped to her right. Home was not that much further away, and as soon as

the rain let up a little, she decided that she would finish her journey, take a shower and go to bed. No thinking, no analysis until tomorrow. Just relax and react.

But she was going back the other way, towards the building where Felix Grundy lived.

"Why?" she asked her feet. "Where are you taking me? Why are you doing this?" And then a sigh. "I shouldn't be doing this, I shouldn't give him the satisfaction." She sighed again and kept walking. "This is exactly what he wants me to do—come back and try to make up." She stopped and looked in the side mirror of a parked Dodge. "I look like a rat." She smoothed her blonde hair down.

In the parking lot, she walked tip-toe across the gravel. She reached up and beat on the window.

No one answered. The lights were on. She stood there for a moment, just looking up at the window and the rain draining down it.

"I'm over here." Felix's voice was off to her left.

She turned and saw him standing behind two green metal trashcans. The light from his apartment reflected off his glasses making him look like he had no eyes, just white smears on a black figure. "What on earth are you doing?" She moved over to him.

He squatted down by a third, overturned garbage can, turned on a flashlight, and started digging. "I'm rummaging, if you really must know, Miss Helen Martin." His voice was muffled by the



can which he was almost halfway in. He started throwing things over his shoulder. They landed behind him, the heavier objects sinking in the mud.

“Now you sound like my mother.” A pause. “Why are you such a jerk?” she asked, staying on her side of the cans. Helen pressed her palms down, fingers out, on the rightmost garbage can lid. She shifted her weight back onto her left foot and waited.

Felix stopped digging, backed out on his hands and knees, pushed himself up into a crouch, and raised the flashlight on her face. Helen flinched, shielding her eyes with her hand. “Huh?” he said, tilting his head to one side. “I can’t hear you in there.”

“Could you get that frickin’ flashlight out of my eyes?”

“Oh, yeah, sorry.” Felix felt for the switch.

The light out, she continued: “I asked why you were such a jerk. Why are you such a jerk? To me, I mean.” Something about the way he was looking at her made her stumble over her words. His head was cocked to one side so that his hair hung down off his head to the right and clung to his forehead on the left. He seemed to actually be listening.

There was a pause, and Felix Grundy looked like he was thinking. He finally shrugged and said, “I don’t know...I’m good at it?”

She laughed and pushed herself off the can’s lid, straightening up. It fell forward and clunked dully on the bottom end of the upset can. Felix watched it fall, following the flight with his head. He bounced up and down on the balls of his feet a few times and looked up at Helen.

He stood up. "I am good at it, right?" Felix raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah. But that's not good, you know?" She waited for a response and got nothing. He started scratching his nose. She realized that it was still raining. "Can we go sit on the porch? I'd rather not get any wetter."

"Okay." He stood up. "This can wait." He kicked the cans around, spilling garbage as he knocked them over.

They walked around to the front of the building and sat down on the top stair, under the green and white striped awning. He put his arm around her. She let him.

"You want a cigarette?" He held out a pack of Marlboros.

She nodded and took one and couldn't help feeling that she was doing the same thing that she did two weeks ago. She entertained the thought that he had actually orchestrated this whole thing. Could he know what he was doing? Had he calculated his every gesture? Regardless, he was doing it again, and she was too. The same pattern. Fight and then make up. It wouldn't be long until they went inside and had sex, and then it would be two weeks until this happened again. It would probably rain then, too.

He lit her cigarette and then lit his own. "I don't know why I do a lot of what I do. I just do it. I really don't mean to hurt anyone, especially you." He looked around. "I'm an artist. We're weird."

"That doesn't really explain anything. It's the same excuse that you always use." Helen realized that she could probably recreate,

word for word, the last fight. So far it was the same. "I'm not going to accept that. I want an explanation or I'm leaving. And I won't come back."

Felix Grundy didn't look at her.

"You do know that you were supposed to pick me up from work, right? I sat there, outside of that fucking barbecue restaurant for a good hour. And I kept thinking to myself, He's not going to do this again, is he? He's not that much of a jerk. Any second now that ratty-ass Datsun is going to come around the corner, and he'll honk and wave and everything will be okay. But no, you didn't. And why not? I bet you were working, right? Breaking stuff and writing pages upon pages of nonsense." She was waving her cigarette around, stabbing the air.

Felix had jumped up and started pacing back and forth. Three steps this way and then three the other. "First of all, I was working. And it's not nonsense. It's about you. That can't be nonsense, can it?"

She rolled her eyes. "Please, Felix. I've read things that are about me that you've written. In one, everyday I woke up I couldn't remember anything that had ever happened to me, and in the other one was about how I killed myself over how much I was in love with you. How do you think that makes me—"

"Wait, what are you talking about? That wasn't about you. It was about, uh, wait a minute... Well, I know it wasn't about you." He was being very careful not to lean over her.

"That's because it was about you. Like everything else. Jesus, could you not be in one of your stories? Or even not be every character in your stories?" This was new territory for the discussion. They were off the script. Perhaps it will work. Maybe he'll react, she thought.

Felix sat down, if for no other reason than to show her the face that he was making. A mix of incredulity and hurt. He sputtered some sounds.

"But that isn't even what this is about. You don't care, do you? You promised to pick me up. You didn't. Like you always do." Helen looked out at the house across the street, dark in every window. Is he still playing, she wondered, or have I gotten through?

"Look, I'm sorry about that. I got caught up in...Hey, okay, you don't need to mouth the words along with me. I get it, I get it." He looked at her and he thought he saw her smile, very faintly. She sighed.

She looked down and saw a figure in jeans and a blue tee shirt approaching the house. Alone. He was talking. She thought she heard her name.

"Are you talking to me?"

Felix Grundy took his arm off Helen and adjusted his glasses. He only looked at her, but wanted to put his hand over her mouth and ask her why she was talking to this guy, this weaving drunken mess that was headed in their direction. I mean, he thought, weren't we in the middle of a conversation? Wasn't I talking, apologizing, expressing my affection? Weren't you listening? Jesus, he's

just going to start talking about something, slurring his words, and pretty soon we'll have forgotten where we were in the conversation and then we'll have to start all over. What did he say?

Felix put his arm back around Helen and smiled, thinking that the silence that was ensuing would be enough to scare this guy past them and into the building. Not a threat. Felix looked off to the right, at a piece of paper that was stuck to the sidewalk and was being pummeled by the rain. Perhaps it's mine, he thought, perhaps someone will read it and think to themselves that it's a really fucking phenomenal piece of writing. But they'll never be able to trace it back to me to tell me. If it *is* good, then I should retrieve it. Or not. Whatever. I'd have to get up and then this guy would seize the opportunity to—

"Do you want a cigarette?" Helen was offering her pack to the guy at the bottom of the stairs.

Felix immediately got up and moved to the corner. He continued staring at the sheet of paper.

What are you doing, Helen, Felix thought, trying very hard to keep the question from escaping his lips. Do you not want to have this conversation with me? You were the one who walked away and then came back. You should be the one apologizing, but what are you doing—you're talking to this guy who showed up out of nowhere and interrupted our conversation. Are you trying to tell me something? Are you sending me a message? That you can leave me? Are you telling me that I'm disposable? Well I'm not. What's this clown done with his life? Bet he's never had

a book published. Well, fine, go on and fuck him then, I don't care. I've got my writing. It would make sense, right? A waitress should go out with a...whatever this guy is. I'm an artist. I need...another artist. I'll just be thinking over here, my hand over my mouth, contemplating shit you couldn't even imagine, buddy. He snorted.

"That's Felix."

Felix bit his fingers. He had an impulse to say: "I'm Felix, and you're an asshole." But he didn't. Instead he bit down harder with his teeth and smiled to himself. Felix Grundy walked to the door and yanked it open. Just walk inside, Helen, he thought; let's finish this conversation and forget this ever happened.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey. Hey, you. Do you have your keys?"

"Yeah, I think so. Hang on." Dixon fished his keys out of his pants pocket. "How did you...what did you..."

"I fell out my window." Felix had gotten up and moved toward the hand that held the keys. He just wanted to get back in. This was embarrassing. It wouldn't be if this guy knew who he was; then it would just be eccentric. But since he didn't, it was embarrassing.

"Felix, right?" Dixon was clutching the keys in his hand. What does this guy think of me, he wondered. I wonder if he knows about how I feel about Helen. Could he?

"Yeah. I never caught your name." Felix just stared at Dixon's fist, waiting for it to open so he could get back in the building and get back to work.

"I'm Reggie Dix—"

"Right. Anyway, look, I need to get back inside. I'm working on something. It's very important."

"What do you do?" Dixon asked, smiling. A forced smile. The one that always looked horrible in those yearbook pictures.

"I'm a writer." Felix was still focused on the keys he couldn't see, somewhere in that thin hand. This asshole talks to everyone, he thought. Christ. Just so long as he doesn't mention Helen, he and I will be okay.

"Oh." Dixon looked at the window. There were blue curtains there, edging out in the breeze. His eyes moved to Felix, who was looking at Dixon's hand. Dixon looked at his hand. And then back again at Felix. "How's Helen?"

He wanted to punch this Reggie person in the face and steal his keys. He had been in mid-thought when he had leaned out the window, stretching his back, but he leaned a little too far and then was on the ground. Now all he really wanted to do was get back inside. Even if it meant assault. Which it probably does, he thought, considering how much this guy is talking and mentioning the only thing that will make me hate him. Finally Felix forced out a "Fine."

Dixon watched Felix's face tighten up. Perhaps he *did* know about this crush, he thought. Either way, he looks like he wants

to punch me in the face. Change the subject. "So what do you write?"

"Words, words, words." Felix emitted a nervous snicker. He won't get it.

"Hamlet?" Dixon raised his eyebrows.

"Yes." Felix crossed his arms and shook his head.

They both looked down at the ground. Felix thought that maybe he could distract Dixon like they do in cartoons, and when he had Dixon looking the other way, he could steal the keys and run inside. Dixon thought that perhaps he should just shut up, and then this would be over. He could feel the sweat at his arm-pits. Felix noticed.

Dixon looked up and Felix followed.

"I should probably be going." Dixon shoved his hand into his pocket, trying to figure out why he had taken his keys out in the first place.

Felix could feel his teeth grinding together and thought, "He's not even going to let me in. That does it." He grabbed the closest thing he could find and swung.

The trash can lid connected with the side of Dixon's head, knocking him sideways into the porch railing.

Dixon ricocheted and then crumpled, raising his hands to his face, spilling his keys from his pocket onto the sidewalk. Heat spread throughout Dixon's head as he hit the ground, smacking his ear into the concrete. He clapped one hand to it.

The lid hit the ground and rang before it settled. Felix grabbed



the keys and bounded up the steps. "That'll teach you to fuck with me," he shouted, putting the key in the lock and ripping the door open. There was a thump and then silence.

Dixon lay on the ground, his hands warm and wet. "What did I say?" he asked, slowly rolling over onto his front. He put his hands out and pushed away, raising himself to his knees. He had almost stood up when he lost his balance and sank back down. Everything was blurry and ringing.

He choked for a second and then spit. Red. Reginald Dixon looked at his hands and decided that it might be a good idea to lay down for a moment, just until things stopped spinning.

## I HOPE THAT YOU SEE ME



*Renée Paquin*

Like apples  
Fresh from a bath  
All shiny and sleek  
    And blushing and red,  
My hair wetted to my scalp like their polished skin,

And bite into me,  
    Devour my grainy crisp,  
Savor the nectar on your lips.  
Green even still,  
(I hope that you see me),  
    When I am a sour-sweet Granny Smith,  
You'll love me still, I hope  
that you will  
    even the brown spots.

And swallow my seeds  
    Over and over  
for multiples of seventy years,

And begin and begin;  
Yes, swallow them,

All Adam, all Eve

And teach our soul  
to taste our children  
and they theirs,

So that they will see...

UPON LISTENING TO *PEARL*,  
ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1999



*Renée Paquin*

Janis Joplin has a chalky voice

Like nails clawing a blackboard.

And so it easily penetrates the ears,

Screeching to a stop at the drums,

And beating them with the powerful force

Of wind-burnt rhythms,

As her sore throat notes soar

Hoarse and humming as harmonica

Notes beaten against the walls and windows—

Winding, smooth, clean, and shining

Like scaling down the twisted stair railing

Out the front door to skid across scorching asphalt

In the middle of summer;

She sings, she rings like the sun scolds.

## IN TRUTHS SERVICE: THE ROOTS OF QUAKERISM IN MARYLAND, 1655–1700



*Kees de Mooy*

After some well-spent time in truth's service,  
I had drawings to go over the great bay of Chesapeake. . . .

*Journal of William Edmundsun, 1676–77*<sup>1</sup>

The Society of Friends, or Quakers as they were called from early on, arrived in Maryland during a time of turbulent conditions.<sup>2</sup> The weather and geography combined to cause oppressively hot and humid summers and long, cold winters. In addition, there were uncertain economic, political and social realities with which to contend. Tobacco prices rose and fell precipitously, the Governor of Maryland had difficulty administering the fledgling colony, and religious diversity created many tensions. In a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, Anglican minister John Yeo wrote of Maryland, “it is become a Sodom of uncleanness and a pesthouse of iniquity.”<sup>3</sup> Yet, despite these difficult conditions, Quakers survived and prospered, partly due to a strong set of beliefs that placed a high priority on industry and simplicity. The ideals they had shaped in England had a profound effect on their deportment in the new colony of Maryland.

Of particular consequence, Quakers were committed to the 1660 declaration of purpose, which stated, “We utterly deny all outward wars and strife and fighting with weapons to any end and under any pretense whatever.”<sup>4</sup> This dedication to Quaker principles can be traced to the founding of the movement in England, as well as its introduction very early in the history of Maryland.

The Protestant Reformation led to the development of many religious splinter groups which sought to rid the Christian Church of what were considered to be “worldly” elements, such as the pope, creeds, sacraments, and priesthood. One of these groups was the Quakers, whose movement originated in England in 1652 with George Fox, a man from middle-class origins who studied the Bible avidly as a youth. He, like so many others during this period of spiritual and political upheaval in England, wondered about the role of God in his life. As a boy of nineteen, he began to travel through the countryside in a quest to answer his spiritual yearnings. In a religious revelation that Fox experienced in 1648, he became convinced that “every man [is] enlightened by the divine light of Christ.”<sup>5</sup> Quakerism truly began in 1652 after he had another vision of “a great people to be gathered,” and it was then that he began preaching in earnest, converting (“convincing”) many in the English countryside in a regional awakening that stressed the equality of all people under God.<sup>6</sup> Fox’s teachings spread rapidly: over ten thousand Quakers lived in London by 1678, and Bristol, the second largest city in England, was a “veritable hotbed of Quakerism.”<sup>7</sup> By the time that Fox dictated his published journals in

1691, he had developed the central tenets of Quaker belief.

Quakers grouped these beliefs under four basic concerns, or “testimonies”—honesty, equality, simplicity, and peace. Honesty applied to the use of “plain language,” which included addressing all persons with the familiar *thee* or *thou* regardless of social position, and rejecting all swearing and oaths. Honesty was especially important in relationships between people, and it was expected that each person be taken at his or her word. In business matters, Quakers expected to pay or receive only the fair price for an item. The concept of equality was taken directly from the teachings of Jesus and consisted mainly in the belief that God could speak through any receptive person, regardless of gender or status. In the late 1650s, Quakers spoke out regularly against paid pastors and the practice of tithing. The testimony of equality was also applied to foreign cultures, even those considered non-Christian.<sup>8</sup>

Simplicity was expressed mainly in dress. Quakers shunned such excesses as silver buckles and buttons and exhibited a preference for plain colors, such as brown, black, or gray. Wasteful use of cloth, food, and drink was frowned upon. The testimony of peace had its origin in the teachings of Jesus. In a Quaker tract of 1657, James Nayler described nonviolence and patient suffering as God’s way of conquering His enemies. The intolerance and persecution expressed by non-believers were considered to be defenses used to shield the individual from inner truth. Quakers took it for granted that they would be tested by and subjected to violence and oppression in the external world.<sup>9</sup>

Persecution led many Quakers to depart for the New World, but the much sought-after religious toleration which would allow dissemination of their ideas was not easily gained. Maryland—with its 1649 Act Concerning Religion, the first religious toleration act in North America—appeared to be an exception and drew many of the persecuted to its shores. The promise of religious converts and economic opportunity was a powerful incentive, and they capitalized on the chance to begin anew. In the following decades, Quaker contributions would prove to be an important part of the religious, political, economic, and social fabric of the Maryland colonial experience.

Although it is difficult to pinpoint the exact date of Quaker entry into Maryland, Kenneth Carroll places them in the colony as early as 1655, thus predating their arrival in New England by almost a year.<sup>10</sup> Although Pennsylvania features prominently in Quaker history, settlement there occurred later. Elizabeth Harris of London was the first Quaker visitor to Maryland in 1655 or 1656, converting settlers in Calvert County, Anne Arundel County, and Kent Island. The acting governor of Maryland, William Fuller, became one of Harris' earliest converts, and between five and eleven of the twenty-four provincial commissioners under the Bennett-Claiborne parliamentary commission of 1654–58 were also "convinced."<sup>11</sup> The conversion of Puritans while in office was an unparalleled event in Maryland politics.<sup>12</sup> Through the remarkable determination of Elizabeth Harris and other Quakers who



traveled throughout the colonies, usually in twos or threes, many settlers were drawn into Quakerism and began to congregate into meetings.

Towards the end of 1657, Josiah Cole and Thomas Thurston traveled on foot from Virginia through Maryland, where Thomas Chapman joined them. Cole and Chapman had been imprisoned in Virginia for their beliefs, while Thurston had been banished from Boston.<sup>13</sup> New England was especially notorious for its mistreatment of Quakers, with steep fines for ship captains who brought Friends into Boston and severe penalties for any Quakers who failed to take oaths, obey laws, doff hats to magistrates, or serve in the militia. Quakers were perceived as seditious fanatics and were punished with brandings, ear-croppings, fines, prison sentences, whippings, banishment, and hanging. In 1659, three Quakers—two men and one woman—were hung in Boston Commons after repeated banishments had failed to deter them from reentering the colony.<sup>14</sup>

In Maryland, an Order of Council was enacted in 1658 that required an oath of fidelity to the Lord Proprietor from all settlers. Additionally, every man capable of bearing arms was to be enrolled in the militia. Refusal to comply was punishable by banishment, and any attempt to return resulted in the offender being whipped from town to town until he was out of the province.<sup>15</sup> Thomas Thurston, for example, was banished from Maryland and threatened with thirty-eight lashes if he did not comply.<sup>16</sup> In a pamphlet

entitled *The Deceiver of the Nations Discovered*, published in London in 1660, Francis Howgill relates the intense persecution of Quakers in Maryland:

And Oh! What havock and spoil hath these Rulers in Mariland made upon their own people,...and how have they exceeded in cruelty, & what tortering and Prisoning, and Whipping, & Scourging have they made,...And how have they grinded the faces of the poor,...And instead of protecting them in that Province, and saving them from wrong, hath themselves been the chief instrument of doing them harm and wronging them, and oppressing them, and yet not for evil doing, it may be for not doffing a Hat, or because they cannot learn to be swift to shed blood.<sup>17</sup>

Regardless of the personal dangers that they faced, Quakers travelers continued in their efforts, and many more settled in the province. Their reputation for honesty, coupled with the prestige and wealth that were gained through their labors, began to bring an end to the persecution. In April of 1658, three Friends—William Fuller, Michael Brooke, and Richard Preston—won election to the new assembly. In 1660, these men were reelected, and Quakers Robert Clarkson and William Burgess joined them in the legislature. Despite Fuller's participation in a briefly successful rebellion against the proprietary government in 1660, Charles Calvert continued to allow religious diversification and toleration. On the invitation of Lord Baltimore, hundreds of Quakers from Virginia came to Mary-

land, and became increasingly involved in the governance of the colony.<sup>18</sup>

In an effort to make it even easier for Friends to serve in the Maryland colonial government, Lord Baltimore did away with the oath of allegiance that was demanded in other colonies and in England.<sup>19</sup> The difficulty of attracting settlers, including those who could serve in the administration of government, was not lost on the proprietors of Maryland. Living conditions were very harsh, and a constant influx of immigrants was needed to ensure financial stability for the colony. Especially in the mid-seventeenth century, immigration was vital to the economic survival of the Maryland colony. The average life expectancy of young men was in the low forties and as many as 85 percent of male settlers died without sons.<sup>20</sup> Quaker immigration contributed significantly to the population boom that Maryland experienced in the 1660s.

By 1661, a Quaker traveler named George Rofe—who would die an untimely death when the canoe he was traveling in overturned in the Chesapeake Bay during a squall, illuminating the dangerous conditions that were faced by many settlers—noted, “many settled meetings there are in Maryland.”<sup>21</sup> The “settled meetings” that Rofe referred to were mainly in present-day Annapolis, Kent Island, and Talbot County. Talbot County became a prominent area for Quakers, perhaps due to the refuge it afforded from the travails that plagued them in other parts of the colony. Frederick B. Tolles has surmised that, in general, Quakerism flourished in areas where the standard of living was relatively low,<sup>22</sup> a descrip-

tion that matched Talbot County in the seventeenth century very well. From the Friends' perspective, the rich farmland of the area was important to their philosophy that farming was the least corrupting form of employment.<sup>23</sup>

In the mid 1660s, Betty's Cove Meeting was established near the Miles River in Talbot County. It was one of the earliest organized meetings in Maryland, and its ancestor, the Third Haven Meeting, survives to this day as the longest continually occupied place of worship in the state. The earliest surviving record from Betty's Cove Meeting is a marriage certificate dated 11 September 1669.<sup>24</sup> Carroll states that Betty's Cove was the only meetinghouse on the Eastern Shore at this time, and most weekly and monthly meetings were held at the homes of individuals.<sup>25</sup>

Quakerism's founder, George Fox, visited Betty's Cove in 1672, and reported:

We came to the General Meeting of all Maryland Friends,...and many of the world were at the public meetings, some Papists, clerks of the courts, and there were eight justices of the peace, and one of the judges and his wife,...and many considerable persons of quality. And they judged that there was a thousand people...And there was never seen there so many boats together...it was almost like the Thames.<sup>26</sup>

George Fox traveled through many parts of Maryland during 1672 and 1673, ministering to white settlers and Indians alike. Upon the death of Fox in 1690, a number of books were for-

warded to the membership at Betty's Cove Meeting, thus forming the core of the first public library in the county and possibly the state.<sup>27</sup>

By 1680, there were five meetings on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake: Sassafras, Chester, Bayside, Tuckahoe, and Choptank. The western shore meetings at this time consisted of Patuxent, Herring Creek, West River, Severn, and South River. In 1683, John Edmondson sold three acres of his land to the membership of Betty's Cove in order that they could build a new meetinghouse. The building, which would be called the Third Haven Meeting, was completed in 1685, and by 1691, the membership of Betty's Cove was incorporated into the new site, the older location having fallen into disrepair.<sup>28</sup> Third Haven produced a large number of traveling male and female Friends who were crucial to the spread of Quakerism.

The emphasis on equality of men and women was a very important and controversial aspect of the Quaker belief system. English women of the seventeenth century were relegated into subservient positions far removed from public life, and religious life was no exception. Women flocked to the Friends in large numbers, even establishing separate meetings, a move which increased persecution and ridicule from the outside and which became the subject of extreme controversy—eventually resulting in a schism—within the group. George Fox, faced with considerable resistance from other Friends, used biblical argument to support the right of women to conduct separate meetings.<sup>29</sup>

The first Women's Meeting in the New World was established in Maryland. The meeting alternated between the eastern and western shores of the Chesapeake Bay. By 1677, regular meetings were held to raise money for poor Friends, and a regular correspondence was established with the women Friends of London. Quaker women became involved in the moral instruction ("conversation") of young Quakers, spoke to members who strayed from the teachings, helped care for the poor and ill, and provided for the education of children.<sup>30</sup>

Quakers insisted on strict adherence to proper procedures for courtship and marriage. A marriage could be refused on the basis of the religion of the applicants, outward deportment, or compatibility. George Fox suggested in 1652 that Friends hold two meetings for determining the suitability of a couple for marriage. Friends at men's and women's monthly business meetings were consulted when a young couple desired to marry, a time-consuming process requiring proof of religious and financial stability on the part of the petitioners.<sup>31</sup> The consideration of marriages took up a substantial part of the order of business in Quaker monthly meetings. Marriage outside of the faith was an offense that could result in being disowned. The Quaker faith would be challenged in the succeeding century over this issue, as many members left the faith rather than marry within the strictures of the religion. Marriage requirements, coupled with religious ideas about children, contributed to the trend of relatively late marriages and fewer children for Quaker men and women.<sup>32</sup>

Rules of discipline covering all aspects of behavior, including courtship and marriage, were standardized in 1676 with the following regulations. Disciplinary proceedings would result:

1. If Any walk not in the Truth that have beene Convinced and goe From the truth and is not faithful in their Testimony in Every particular.
2. If any follow Drunkenness, pleasures or Gameing or is not faithful in their callings and Dealings nor honest and just.
3. If any disorderly together in Marriage.
4. If any widdows have Children and doe Intend to Marry to Enquire what She hath Done for her Children.
5. If widdows have Children to put forth—prentices or Servant to take Care to Ease Them if they be Burthened.
6. If any go to the Priest or Magistrate to be Married.
7. If any wear their hatts on when Friends prays in ye power of God in Opposition to the power of God.
8. All Friends to take Notice of the Poore to Ease one another.
9. If any men or women Hunt after one another and then Leave one another and goe to Others.
10. If any be Evill Speakers, Backbiters, Slanderers, foolish Jesters or Talkers.

11. If there be any Tale Carriers and Railers that Loves Dissention.

12. If any differences between Friends to be Speedily Ended.

13. All Friends to Traine up their Children in the feare of the Lord and good Order of Truth.

14. Friends to Buy Convenient Burying Places.

15. Friends to Buy Convenient Books for Registering Births, Burials, Marriages and all other things appertaining to the Order of Truth.

16. Friends should take Spetiall Care and not be Slack in Coming together to Meeting betwixt the 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> Hour which is the time appointed.<sup>33</sup>

These rules not only formed the basis for personal behavior but also codified the attention to record keeping with which Quakerism later became synonymous.

Contrary to the abolitionist image that arose later (especially in Pennsylvania, but also in Maryland), many Quakers owned slaves in the seventeenth century. Winthrop D. Jordan writes that geographic conditions coupled with the success of tobacco as a staple crop contributed to the rapid development of slavery in Maryland.<sup>34</sup> Kenneth Carroll examined fifty Quaker wills dated from 1669 to 1750. Of the twenty-one in the sample who were



slaveholders, the majority owned between four to six slaves. For example, Thomas Evernden, a prominent Quaker who lived in Somerset County, owned six slaves and a Native American servant.<sup>35</sup> By all accounts, Evernden was a pious man who was very active in the Annemessex meeting, and traveled extensively throughout the American colonies to spread the Quaker religion.<sup>36</sup>

George Fox had preached to slaves in Barbados in 1671 and then tried to convince their masters to limit the slaves' terms and have them educated. William Edmundsun, one of the most prominent Quaker missionaries from England, traveled through the Eastern Shore of Maryland around 1676. From Newport, Rhode Island that same year, Edmundsun issued the first Quaker indictment of slavery. However, social and economic conditions within the tobacco economy of Maryland were such that the emancipation of slaves could not be considered. It would not be until the following century that the Philadelphia Meeting, to which some of the northernmost Maryland meetinghouses belonged, would begin the long process of abolition in America with the condemnation of slaveholding among its membership.<sup>37</sup>

The political participation of Quakers was severely curtailed in Maryland following the Glorious Revolution of 1688. The accession of William and Mary to the throne in England resulted in a renewed period of intolerance towards religious minorities. Catholics and Quakers in Maryland were systematically eliminated from holding office for almost a century thereafter. The conditions in 1688 prompted many prominent Quakers—includ-

ing John Edmondson, John Pitt, Ralph Fishbourne, Edward Talbot, Samuel Chew, William Holliday, Howell Powell, and twenty-three others to send a letter to Lord Baltimore begging for relief from “Ruin by the Malice and Envy of Evil-minded Men” and promising that “quiet, upright and peacable Deportment under thy Government shall ever be such.”<sup>38</sup> Although between 1660 and 1689, twenty-three of the one hundred and eighteen assemblymen whose religious affiliation is known were Quakers, subscription to the test oath or “oath of abhorrency” became mandatory for all provincial officeholders after the Glorious Revolution. The government of 1691 excluded almost all second-generation council members, and politics became a bastion of Anglicans, Protestants and other newly-arrived immigrants in the colony.<sup>38</sup>

Despite oppressive circumstances, Quaker religious activity continued to expand. Shortly before the close of the century, two well-known Quakers traveled throughout Maryland, and wrote a detailed account of the state of Quakerism. In 1698, Thomas Chalkley journeyed through Somerset and then across the Chesapeake Bay, stopping later at a Native American town on the Pocomoke River where he wrote in his journal, “When we came to the town, [the Indians] were kind to us, spoke well of Friends, and said [Quakers] would not cheat them, as some others did.”<sup>39</sup> Thomas Story traveled more widely than Chalkey, and his journal mentions meetings on the Chester River, Tuckahoe, Little Choptank, Nanticoke, and Monie Creek. At Little Choptank,

he had a long discourse with an Episcopal priest over the subject of baptism and spoke with a Justice of the Peace and a lawyer about the principles of Quakerism.<sup>40</sup>

In the last five decades of the seventeenth century, Maryland provided Quakers with a relatively safe haven in which to become established and to prosper. With quiet persistence, Quakers made lasting contributions to the political, economic, and social well-being of their adopted colony, and laid the moral groundwork for later advancements in women's rights and the emancipation of slaves. Despite renewed oppression after the Glorious Revolution, Quakers continued to thrive in Maryland and elsewhere. Adhering to a simple and yet profoundly universal philosophy, Maryland's first Quakers survived and even prospered in the turbulent colonial period, and succeeded in preserving and passing on the moral ideals that continue to guide the work of Quakers today.

#### END NOTES

1. William Evans and Thomas Evans, eds., "Journal of the Life of William Edmundson" in *The Friends' Library, Comprising the Journals, Doctrinal Treatises, and Other Writings of Members of the Religious Society of Friends*, vol. 2. (Philadelphia: Joseph Rakestraw, 1838).
2. During a year of research for Historic Easton, Inc., I became interested in the Society of Friends and began to appreciate the role of Quakers in the early history of Easton and Talbot County. It seemed a natural step to expand this work to include the rest of Maryland when I enrolled in a course in early American history taught by Robert Fallaw at Washington College.

I want to thank the following people who helped me with this paper. Polly Shannahan kindled my interest in Quakers and patiently

shared her knowledge of Talbot County. Robert Fallaw helped with source information and encouraged me to submit this article to the *Washington College Review* for publication. Patricia O'Donnell, archivist at the Friends Historical Library, graciously pointed me to important publications in the collections at Swarthmore. At Washington College, Carol Wilson, Michael Harvey, Donald McColl, and Kathy Wagner provided editorial guidance and support. J. William Frost, Director of the Friends Historical Library made helpful comments on the final draft. Writing is truly a collaborative effort.

3. Robert J. Brugger, *Maryland: A Middle Temperament, 1634–1980* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1988), 36.
4. Clarence E. Pickett, *For More Than Bread Alone: An Autobiographical Account of Twenty-Two Years' Work With the American Friends Service Committee* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1953), 306.
5. John L. Nickalls, ed., *The Journal of George Fox* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1952), 33.
6. Hugh Barbour and J. William Frost, *The Quakers* (New York: Greenwood Press, 1988), 5.
7. Frederick B. Tolles, *Meeting House and Counting House: The Quaker Merchants of Colonial Philadelphia, 1682–1763* (New York: Norton, 1963), 29.
8. Barbour and Frost, 43; Tolles, 9.
9. Barbour and Frost, 45.
10. Kenneth Carroll, *Quakerism on the Eastern Shore* (Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society, 1970), 9.
11. David W. Jordan, 'God's Candle' Within Government: Quakers and Politics in Early Maryland," *William and Mary Quarterly* 39 (1982): 630.
12. Bliss Forbush, *A History of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends: Three Hundred Years of Quakerism in Maryland, Virginia, the District of Columbia, and Central Pennsylvania* (Baltimore: Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, 1972), 2; and Carroll, 13.
13. J. Saurin Norris, *The Early Friends (or Quakers) in Maryland*, (Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society, 1862), 7.
14. Barbour and Frost, 51.

15. Clayton C. Hall, ed., *Narratives of Early Maryland, 1633–1684* (New York: Charles Scribner's sons, 1910), 391.
16. Norris, 8–9.
17. Qtd. in Carroll, 16.
18. Jordan, "God's Candle," 631–32.
19. Ibid., 634.
20. David W. Jordan, "Political Stability and the Emergence of a Native Elite," in *The Chesapeake in the Seventeenth Century: Essays on Anglo-American Society and Politics*, eds. Thad W. Tate and David L. Ammerman (New York: Norton, 1979), 246–47.
21. Carroll, 21.
22. Tolles, 30.
23. Barry J. Levy, 'Tender Plants': Quaker Farmers and Children in the Delaware Valley, 1681–1735, in *Colonial America: Essays in Politics and Social Development*, eds. Stanley N. Katz, John Murrin and Douglas Greenberg (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1983), 159.
24. Carroll, 28.
25. Ibid, 29.
26. Nickalls, 636.
27. *An Historical Sketch of Third Haven Meeting House* (Easton: Press of the Star Democrat, 1932), 8.
28. Carroll, 43–44.
29. Margaret H. Bacon, *Mothers of Feminism: The Story of Quaker Women in America* (New York: Harper, 1986), 49.
30. Ibid., 50.
31. Barbour and Frost, 112; Carroll, 73.
32. Levy, 176; Bacon, 57.
33. Carroll, 60–61.
34. Winthrop D. Jordan, "Enslavement of Negroes in America to 1700," in *Colonial America: Essays in Politics and Social Development*, eds. Stanley N. Katz, John M. Murrin and Douglas Greenberg (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1993), 309.
35. Carroll, 130.
36. Ibid., 49–50.

37. Jean R. Soderlund, *Quakers and Slavery: A Divided Spirit* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1985), 3-4.
38. Joseph Besse, *A Collection of the Sufferings of the People Called Quakers, For the Testimony of a Good Conscience, From the Time of Their Being First Distinguished By That Name in the Year 1650, To the Time of the Act, Commonly Called the Act of Toleration, Granted to Protestant Dissenters in the First Year of the Reign of King William the Third and Queen Mary, in the Year 1689, Taken From Original Records and Other Authentic Accounts* (London, Luke and Hind), 387-88.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

MATTHEW ARKINS is a resident of Hyde Park, New York, who majored in art and graduated from Washington College in May 2000. His visual thesis was focused specifically on birds of prey. Comprised of six pastel drawings, his show attempted to capture the individuality of each subject. Currently, he is coaching Men's Novice Crew and pursuing his Master's here at Washington College. His long term goals are to get his MFA, teach art, and coach rowing.

SUSAN BAKER graduated from Washington College with a major in art. She comes from Davidsonville, Maryland, and spent her summer traveling in Europe.

ANNE CHAN, a Baltimore native, is the winner of the 2000 Lynette Nielsen Art Award. She graduated with a major in art and hopes to eventually go to graduate school in art conservation or urban planning, somewhere in Europe. "Until then, I look forward to either joining Americorps and seeing the rest of the country or becoming a starving artist. I got the idea [for *Junction*] from a picture in *People* magazine. The picture was taken when Minnesota governor Jessie Ventura (the former wrestler) was visiting Japan and shaking the hand of a young Japanese girl."



CHRISTINE RENÉE LINCOLN graduated first in her class and *summa cum laude*. She was the recipient of the Emil J.C. Hildebrand Memorial Medal, the George Washington Medal and Award, and the Sophie Kerr Prize. "A Hook Will Sometimes Keep You" was a part of her prize-winning portfolio.

KEES DE MOOY was born in the Netherlands, spent a lot of time moving around Canada and the United States, and finally moved to Chestertown twelve years ago, where he lives with his wife, Janice and two sons, Sam and Alex. He decided to go back to college after twenty years in the construction industry to pursue a bachelor's degree in history. He expects to graduate in May 2001.

ED HELLENBECK is from South Portland, Maine, which has just as bad a reputation as the south side of Boston. He graduated in 2000 with a degree in English. "Katie Smuckler helped me the most with everything I wrote this year, not only with this submission. I'd like to thank her for reading those early drafts and listening to all strains in my voice."

CHRIS KLIMAS, from Randallstown, Maryland, is an English major graduating in 2001 with minors in computer science and creative writing. This is the second time he has published in the *Washington College Review*. "The next time round, maybe I will write an essay about ice cream." He expresses his appreciation of editing suggestions from Austin Lobo.

JOLENE LEHR, having graduated *summa cum laude* in May 2000 as an English major and Gender Studies minor, refuses to return to her hometown, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Before she ventures into the wide, wide world, Jolene would like to extend her gratitude to all the *Review* staff for their generosity, care, and friendship. She also thanks the Allentown Art Museum for supplying a reproduction of Frans Snyders' *The Larder* (subliminal message to readers: visit the AAM!) and acknowledges support from her mother and Donald McColl. For her essay on Clara Schumann, Jolene thanks Kathy Mills for sharing her communicable love of music. She also wants to thank Robert Mooney and Gail Tubbs for their suggestions for "Grammy Departing." And lastly, Jolene admonishes everyone to listen to their train (and Grammy).

JENNIFER E. LUBKIN is a senior anthropology major who spent a semester studying design and craft at the University of San Francisco in Quito, Ecuador. *Taking Leave of Ecuador* was created in a design class after her return to Washington College. The work is composed of photographs taken during her stay in Quito.

RENÉE PAQUIN, class of 2001, is majoring in English with creative writing and Spanish minors. She was the historian of Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity, style editor of *The Elm*, and vice president of the W.C. Dance Company during the 1999–2000 academic year. She is a member of Omicron Delta Kappa; the Society of Junior Fellows; and the Spanish National Honor Society, Sigma Delta Pi.

THERESA LOUISE VANCE, a Maryland native, graduated *magna cum laude* in 2000 with a double major in art and biology and a minor in chemistry. She has exhibited her artwork in numerous venues statewide, and participated in internships for the Washington College biology department and the Maryland Department of Natural Resources, Fisheries Service. For her senior thesis, she combined her majors by studying sonic muscle innervation patterns of three *Sciaenids* and illustrating her experiment for the senior art show.

Theresa was the recipient of the Jane Huston Goodfellow Memorial Prize and the Department of Biology Research Award. She is currently studying at the Medical University of South Carolina (Charleston), where she plans to pursue a Ph.D. in marine biomedicine. She is awaiting the December 2000 release of the results of her Washington College internship in *Bio*, an undergraduate publication.

JOHN VERBOS is, as you read this, in Boston, Massachusetts. He graduated from Washington College with departmental honors in English and a minor in creative writing. He is currently pursuing an MFA in creative writing from Emerson College. Bully for him.

LAURA MAYLENE WALTER, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, will graduate in the class of 2003. She is majoring in English with a creative writing minor. One day she hopes to pursue a career in editing. She wishes to acknowledge Robert Mooney's advice on her contributions published here.

KATHERINE WILWOL, from Newtown Square, Pennsylvania, plans to graduate in 2002 with majors in English and psychology. She is a varsity member, and she was elected a Student Athlete Mentor of the crew team. She acknowledges help with revisions from Robert Mooney.

MEGAN WOLFF graduated *magna cum laude* in May 2000 with a degree in English. A former student editor of the *Washington College Review*, as well as a contributor, Megan is an honorary, lifetime resident of Weird City.

# *Knowing and Being Known*



*A Note from the Publisher*

“Discovery consists of seeing what everybody else has seen  
and thinking what nobody else has thought.”

*Albert Von Szent-Gyosyi*

“To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and  
the true success is to labor.”

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

**I**n recent conversation, several of my colleagues noted the degree to which they were meeting and working with more and more students from regions different and distant from those which Washington College has traditionally drawn its student body. This widening constituency may in part account for the growth in our student population over the past few years, but I think it is the result of a far more important growth—that of the College’s excellence in realizing its true and ambitious mission “to stimulate men and women to think deeply, imaginatively, and creatively about past and present civilizations, and to know and evaluate their accomplishments.” Simply, we are becoming better known and more widely respected through the steady success of our daily enterprise. It helps when the College is featured favorably in such

newspapers as the *The New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, or on national broadcasts such as “The Oprah Winfrey Show” and National Public Radio’s “All Things Considered,” as it was following the announcement of Christine Lincoln’s receipt of the 2000 Sophie Kerr Prize. But such publicity would not be possible, nor would it be deserved, if it were not for the quality of work and the depth of character individuals like Christine develop and nurture during their years at this institution. And, as extraordinary as she is, Chris is not an anomaly but rather representative of what is best about many of her peers at Washington College. The preceding pages of this journal lend considerable evidence of that, allowing us a presentation of yet another excellent collection of student work in scholarship and the arts.

In fact, it was an extraordinary year at Washington College, and what helped to make it so was the unquestionable curiosity, energy and openness with which these and so many other students responded to the academic and creative challenges put before them. By “challenges” I do not simply mean those involved in the relentless dissemination and retrieval of information day after day in the classroom—facts and formulas and dates that may or may not prove to be of use as one negotiates the “real world.” “Knowing” by itself does not count for much unless one knows what to do with what one knows—how, for example, to incorporate knowledge into some noble purpose and vision. As Dean Inge reminded us, “The aim of education is the knowledge not of facts, but of values.” How to learn those values except

through the development of a generous and empathic sensibility? The development of *character* is, after all, the aim of all true education. Character is not something we're born with, but something we make of ourselves, or not, out of what we have been given. At Washington College it is our aim to guide the individual toward their individuality, to his or her distinct voice, unique vision. The *Washington College Review* is a photo album, of sorts, of some successes and our pride.

Robert Mooney  
Publisher

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## COLOPHON

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Susan Baker

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Kees de Mooy

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Katherine Wilwol

Megan Wolff

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WASHINGTON COLLEGE  
*300 Washington Avenue Chestertown, Maryland 21620*